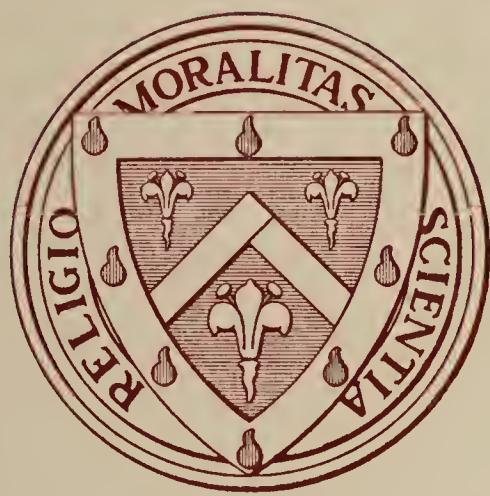


THE
SAINT JOSEPH'S
COLLEGIAN



JUNE
1937

THE
ST. JOSEPH'S
COLLEGIAN



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REV. MAXIMILIAN WALZ, C.P.P.S.
FOUNDER OF THE COLLEGIAN

THE ROMAN FORUM

by

Joseph N. Wittkofski '32

(Reprinted from the COLLEGIAN of
October 15, 1931)

*The columns stand quite as of yore,
The last vestige of pompous days;
But far is gone that din and roar
Which greeted loud the helmet's blaze.*

*Without a name, yon ruins stand
Beneath the azure Roman sky;
The market place, a desert strand,
On which old fallen temples lie.*

*What have you seen, Oh splendid site?
What say your marble columns pale?
Will e'er your story come to light?
Will people ever learn your tale?*

*Your beauty made the Caesars proud;
Your grandeur rose from buildings vast,
But now your glories are a shroud
That hides the dust of greatness past.*

*Your gods are lost and buried deep
Below the drifting sands of time;
But still you vaunt in broken heap,
A monument of pomp sublime.*

*Though withered be your mighty arm,
You still would fight for pagan Rome
And guard your ruined arches' charm
In sight of Peter's mighty dome.*

ALUMNI VOICES

To provide an added feature for this, the Silver Anniversary issue of the *COLLEGIAN*, we requested a few friends to submit for publication their reactions to the journal as it is and their suggestions for the quarterly of the future. We are very grateful to Mr. William G. Garry, particularly for the timely advice at the end of the article he submitted, and to the Rev. Leo A. Pursley for his optimistic and encouraging assurance of the support we may expect from loyal alumni subscribers in the future. We are sure that the articles, although solicited, are none the less sincere.

Mr. Garry, who is head of the Public Relations Counselors of Niles Center, Illinois, is a progressive journalist of experience. Father Pursley, besides being assistant pastor of St. Mary's Church, Lafayette, Indiana, is chaplain of the Newman Club of Purdue University. We admire and respect highly both of these young men, and we thank them sincerely for their constant interest in our work.

The Editor

To the Editor:

In our attempts to create something new, something different, we are constantly hampered by our environment. Thus the first automobile was modeled after the buggy. Why? Because the men who invented the gasoline engine found it difficult to imagine people traveling in a conveyance of any design other than that in which they had been riding for centuries.

As we examine other fields of human endeavor we find the "status quo" clamping an intolerable and oppressive censorship upon creative thought. A jail must always have bars, else how would it coincide with our preconceived notions of a jail. A banquet must invariably have a toastmaster who, as he reaches the final speaker on the program, feels constrained to say — "and last but not least." So also does tradition, to a great extent, govern thought and content of our college literary journals. Symbols and sentimentality are often permitted to stand in the way of much needed changes.

It has been very interesting, therefore, to watch the progress made by the *COLLEGIAN* this past year. A brighter cover, improved typography, and omission of the "canned" humor section have made it a better and more readable magazine. But the forward progress is not to stop here. Beginning next year the news, the alumni and the sports sections will be divorced from the *COLLEGIAN* and will, thereafter, appear in a new campus newspaper.

ALUMNI VOICES

This is progress certainly, but it is essentially a pruning progress. The question arises as to what policy the magazine is to adopt once that has been completed. Is it to remain a literary journal, or is it to become a vigorous journal of opinion which will echo the finest thought on the campus in the sciences, the arts, and the humanities? Will it encourage fine style or original thought — or both? The decision is important, for it would not be the first time that a smart and aggressive newspaper alienated the affections of the readers of a literary journal that is not on the march.

Very cordially yours,
William G. Garry

To the Editor of THE SAINT JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN:

It is a pleasure to send you a word of congratulation on the occasion of the Silver Anniversary, and to add a word of commendation, also, of the proposed plan of appearing hereafter in quarterly issues.

I became acquainted with the COLLEGIAN of more than a generation ago through a bound copy in the library of my pastor who was, in his student days, a frequent and, I'm sure, a valued contributor of dainty sonnets on the beauties of nature. Those pages, beginning to grow yellow with age and more precious for that reason, reflected so well the class room and campus life of St. Joe at the turn of the century that I delighted in reading them just as a link with the spirit and traditions of the college as I knew them in my own day.

Many of us will recall the CHEER interlude. It was not always a cheerful task to get it out. Having struggled through a year as associate editor of that worthy journal, tramping through the snow to the Indian School with the proof sheets, soliciting "ads" from the town merchants, trying to scrape together enough copy to fill the columns, writing at irregular intervals the editorial comment on weighty questions of the hour, I was pleased when dignity returned to the college publication with the revival of the old COLLEGIAN under expert faculty direction. It has maintained ever since a high standard of excellence in form and matter.

Now a new day is ahead. With more time allowed between the dates of publication and more space available for serious writing on academic subjects, even greater progress will be noted in the future. I am sure the CAMPUS SHEET will prove a popular medium of local news. Those in charge of both publications may be assured of the good wishes and support of their friends among the alumni. It is my own personal hope that your well-wishers will become subscribers. And may their tribe increase!

Yours most sincerely,
Leo A. Pursley

LITTERA SCRIPTA MANET

By Caspar Bonifas '37

“Today a messenger appears
Fresh from the scenes of joyful glee,
One which for many, many years,
We longingly desire to see.”

A college journal does not spring Minerva-like into being. No one, least of all the first editors of the COLLEGIAN, would claim exception for it. This, however, does not imply that when in November, 1894, the St. Joseph's COLLEGIAN made its debut it was still an infant “mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.” James B. Fitzpatrick, who wrote the leader, a dedicatory ode from which the quotation which heads this retrospective glance was taken, might smile with “joyful glee” but with anything but complacency were he to read again some of the juvenile phraseology he then penned; others, too, identified with the twelve-page pamphlet at its inception, could spend a mirthful hour or two scanning the pages of the first bound volume. All, however, who were instrumental in giving the little magazine birth may be proud of its paternity — the students, whose zeal for their own advancement created the demand; the professors, who within three years after the foundation of the college itself, had such wisdom and foresight as to satisfy that demand; most of all, the Rev. Maximilian Walz, C.P.P.S., who as director

of the Columbian Literary Society, was a progressive among progressives, always alert to the best means to gain the richest results.

Even previous to the printed publication, Father Max, as he was generally known, and his Columbians had a private paper which they called the *Columbian Journal*, prepared and read at the regular meetings of the society. Very appropriately, therefore, the COLLEGIAN first appeared under the auspices of the C.L.S., this organization having proved its ability by its achievements. The editorial prospectus of the first issue states that the new journal “will follow in the usual line pursued in College Journals, representing work of general interest from all the departments. The design of the Journal is to promote the advancement of all that is good and noble in the heart of every student of St. Joseph's College: to elevate their standard of literary taste, and to serve as an incentive to earnest and persevering labors in all that pertains to a thorough Catholic education.”

In another place in our anniversary number we shall print entirely an essay of outstanding merit that appeared in the COLLEGIAN of former years. That it is not an isolated example of excellence, and that from the very beginning the magazine carried articles of undisputed quality is evident from the very titles

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of the first issues. "The Art of Pleasing," "Catholics in English Literature," "Alfred the Great," "Early Anglo-Saxon Poetry," "The Scenery of the Lady of the Lake," appearing in Volume I, invite the reader to pause, and compensate him for doing so, for the content is no less learned than are the titles suggestive. Too, the addresses and debates printed show equally scholarly work, and the familiar essays and shorter pieces on local matters of interest are by no means literary curiosities.

Before the close of its first year the COLLEGIAN had grown from twelve to sixteen pages. On its second birthday, although the college was not to have a graduating class for two more years, the editor adds to the list of purposes of the journal that of acting as "an indispensable medium through which to keep alive that love they (former students) always manifested toward their Alma Mater." A select group of eight comprised the editorial staff during this and the following year. While the format remained the same the size was increased to twenty-six pages before the close of this third year.

One of the first issues of the COLLEGIAN begs the forbearance of its readers, "seeing that St. Joseph's is only a beginner and has as yet no senior class." The first graduates, twelve in number, emerged in June, 1896. Perhaps there is no relation between this and the fact that in the fourth year of its history the journal made a radical change for the better both in contents and in format. When one considers that in 1894, when the paper originated, the students farthest advanced at the college were only high school seniors (St. Joseph's was estab-

lished on the six year plan of senior high school and junior college) one is all the more impressed with the exceptional quality of the work done. In the fall of 1897 a one column page was substituted for the original two column page and a single form of thirty-two pages appeared in each issue of the year. The journal was doubtlessly on the open road to success, but unfortunately, at the close of this scholastic year, Father Maximilian chose to give up teaching; his inspiration would be missed for years to come.

For three years Father Benedict Boebner supervised the publication; after him, Father Mark Hamburger acted in the capacity of faculty director. Both carried such a heavy schedule of work that neither, English scholars though they were, could give his best efforts to the magazine. It did not deteriorate, however, and when Father Arnold Weyman, student editor during the scholastic year 1896-'7, returned to the college as instructor of English, in 1903, he found the guidance of a monthly journal of fifty-six pages one generous portion of his duties.

Quality was the watchword of Father Arnold. If quantity plus quality could be reached, the former was to be sacrificed. Determined that such a measure was necessary he at once changed the monthly to a bi-monthly, and after two years, reduced the fifty-six pages to forty-eight. All was going well; the COLLEGIAN had regained its sturdy forward progress. No longer an infant, it was a robust youth with already something of a manly stride. Then it suffered another setback — a complete collapse, in fact. Father Arnold's health

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failing, he had to give up teaching temporarily. When he returned to his duties the journal no longer existed; after fifteen years it had failed for want of his direction, in the autumn of 1909.

For three years no publication took the place of the COLLEGIAN. Then two sporadic campus sheets — *Diamond Dust* and *Gym Junk* — rose and fell before the *Cheer*, superseding both of them, took its place for almost fifteen years in the history of journalism at St. Joseph's. This paper was successful in every way for the purpose that it served, that of local newspaper. It recorded activities on the campus and served as a medium of contact with the alumni. During the period of its existence it did much to create school spirit, which proved very beneficial to the college. But it wasn't a journal, and everyone knew that a literary journal was essential.

Most of all did the Rev. Meinrad Koester know this, and knowledge meant action to this exceptional English scholar, who in 1927 volunteered to reintroduce the COLLEGIAN. Tactfully did he set about the task. There were those who would miss and clamor for the campus sheet; they had to be satisfied. And satisfy them he did by introducing a series of departments after the literary section of the magazine in which campus activities of whatever nature could be recorded.

For ten years Father Meinrad, building on the solid foundation set by his predecessors, especially Father Maximilian and Father Arnold, directed the COLLEGIAN toward higher literary endeavor and accomplishment. After the first four years he received as assistant Mr. Thomas Gaynor, and when the latter ac-

cepted a teaching offer in England, in 1934, the Rev. Sylvester Ley. Then, assured of the permanent success of the enterprise and realizing that continuance in the office of director was doing his health no good, he resigned the position to Father Ley in the autumn of 1936.

Father Ley and the Rev. Paul Speckbaugh have acted as faculty directors for only one year. Conscious that the surest way to progress is to keep the best eye on the past they have attempted no radical changes. Their principal aim has been to sponsor creative writing among the students, always mindful that if Catholic journalism is to improve it must do so through the young men and women who are preparing in college today.

In order the better to accomplish this aim it has seemed advisable to change the COLLEGIAN to a quarterly and add a campus paper next autumn. The former, minus the departments devoted to campus activities and alumni news, will carry on the traditions of the literary section of the monthly; the latter will satisfy the needs of those students who look forward to a career in the field of newspaper journalism, and will bring to alumni and students the news of the campus while this is fresh and vital. In due time it will probably lead to the establishment of a department of journalism in the curriculum of studies.

One word more on the printing of the COLLEGIAN will complete this backward glimpse. When the journal first appeared in 1894 the copy was sent to Chicago for publication. After one year Mr. George E. Marshall of Rensselaer took over this work, and still later the printing was done by the *Messenger Press* at the old Indian School across the way from

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the college buildings. Publication of the COLLEGIAN, as has been stated, was temporarily suspended in 1909. The campus sheets that succeeded it were all printed in Rensselaer. Finally, when the journal again appeared, the *Rensselaer Republican* press took care of the printing and that so excellently that the COLLEGIAN received six Merit Awards from the National Scholastic Press Association in as many years. Only a very special offer made by the *Messenger Press* in 1934 dictated again giving this company the contract for printing. Much new and modern equipment in the offices and press rooms of this establishment have more

than compensated for the inconvenience of mailing the copy to Carthagena.

Only when an enterprise has been firmly established can rapid progress forward be anticipated. That the COLLEGIAN has been thus grounded is but another way of saying that those who have been responsible for it — the faculty directors and the students who so loyally supported it — did their work well. Making use of their experience and guided by their criticism and suggestions we have reason to be hopeful that what we plan to undertake in the future will, under the protection of St. Joseph, succeed and steadily improve.



THE OPERA AND THE DRAMA

By Arnold F. Weyman, C.P.P.S. '97

(Selected from the December COLLEGIAN of 1897, this essay shows the high quality of work done at that early date — the beginning of the fourth year of the journal and the seventh of the college. The author edited the COLLEGIAN during this, his senior year. After his ordination six years later he returned to teach in the English Department. Always delicate, his health broke in 1918 and he was forced to resign his position permanently.)

The assertion of Wagner that all the arts could be blended in the musical drama or opera and form "one splendid and complex organ of expression fitted so closely about the soul of man as to become the very Aeolian harp upon which the breath of life could freely play," has not been realized even in his own operas; but being the utterance of a genius of marvelous inventive and comprehending capacity, it merits consideration. This it has indeed received from musical and dramatic writers, some of whom have been generous in giving their approval, while others have been equally ready to condemn. At present the opinion of musical criticisms is held to be unfavorable, mainly because the most eminent now living, first among whom is Edward Hanslick, belong to the school of opposition, which originated as soon as Wagner broached his system and theories.

For an elementary understanding of the controversy, we may inquire into the nature of music and speech, for these two attainments of man are mainly concerned. The accessory (scenic) arts of mimicry or gesture, dance, decoration, etc., do not vitally affect the question. One may note the peculiarities of the drama and the opera, their similarities

and differences. In order to have more tangible objects of comparison, we may have in mind the operas of Wagner, which are till now the only true exponents of his views, and the dramas of Shakespeare, which are more characteristically dramatic than those of other nations, even without considering their general worth as portraits of man's nature, as a treasury of gems of rhetoric, and a storehouse of wisdom.

With the Greeks music was the general appellation for all the arts of the Muses. As a term for the art which employs sound for the expression of the beautiful, it is used only since the Christian era. Music is primarily the expression of the emotional and lyrical elements of man in the same degree as speech is the expression of the intellect, and painting of fancy. But there is scarcely a thought without feeling, nor an emotion without thought, and fancy, too, is the daughter of thought and feeling; neither can, therefore, be expressed without being associated with the other. Music for this reason also expresses thought, but not so well as speech, which again is not so effective an organ of emotion as music. It is evident that the art which combines the different modes of expression in one or-

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gan is the most perfect and most worthy of the attention and care of men. Wagner claims that music in the opera is capable of accomplishing this.

In comparing the opera with the drama, our attention is first called to technique and theme. The technique of the drama is, as is well known, not absolute, though some of the fundamental laws of dramatic production will never be changed. This is also the case with the opera. *Faust* with five acts is not on that account inferior or superior to *Flying Dutchman*, or any other of Wagner's plays with three acts. Unless they present exceptional possibilities for song or other forms of musical composition, episodes or minor scenes are reluctantly employed in the opera. The reason for this lies with the theme. The opera prefers a subject of plastic unity and simplicity, concentrating the action on certain important and decisive points. The explanatory scenes are not needed, because the plot of an opera is not so intricate as that of a drama, nor is the crisis brought about by a gradual ascent. The introduction of Wagner's operas contains more of the exciting force of a dramatic action than the introductory scenes of Shakespeare. The preludes of the former are very much superior to the familiar Overtures of the old Italian and French school, but they can do no more than prepare the listener for some of the impressions to be conveyed in the opera by indicating a few of the typical phrases (Leitmotive) and hinting at the general coloring of the piece. No definite idea can be expressed, because of the vagueness of music. The scenes, then, following are but little different in intensity and importance, but each contributes to

intensify the emotions, and the climax is attained, not so much by one tragic occurrence in one of the last scenes as by a succession of exciting emotions throughout the performance. Wagner uses purely mythical themes, because, as he says, these only "comprehend the purely human portion of an age or nation, . . . in a form . . . thoroughly concentrated and intelligible." But we may ask, can such a subject, not approaching reality in the least, be so effective a teacher and guide of man as the drama which presents every phase of real life?

We may now compare the modes of expression in the drama and opera, and the relative power of each to produce strong effects and general impressions. Here we meet with an essential difference. It is the office of both to convey psychological truths, and music as the organ of emotion is a more faithful mirror of the soul than speech, and can therefore best reveal the deeply tender and ever rippling motion of the soul as well as the surging, seething and tempestuous life and passions within man. No other art knows so well how to echo the vibrations of the tender chords of joy and sadness. From the child's joy of innocence to the exultations of a victorious army, and from the tender feeling of pity to the anguish of despair, every throb of gladness or sorrow is conveyed in a manner different from that of speech. In hearing a sad or joyful story related our thoughts move our heart to corresponding feelings, but music communicates itself to the soul directly and affects the mind but reflectively. In viewing a painting or listening to a speech, we do not surrender ourselves as freely and as wholly to the effect as we do when under

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the influence of music. Certain moods of thought and feeling can be especially well presented by music; and in this the opera has a decided advantage over the drama. The time in which a piece of music is written alone expresses a mood better than the rhythm of poetry. The Largo, Adagio, or Presto of music can not be equalled by the poet's skill in rhythm.

No spoken drama produces the intensity, keen and passionate emotions which a music-drama imparts, nor does the general effect of the former approach the intensity, scenic splendor, and irresistible force of the latter. The excess of feeling which the singers are at times powerless to express, is conveyed with increased vehemence by the orchestra. On men of musical training or of natural musical susceptibilities it produces a lasting reverie of the senses, which is not hurtful but favorable to the healthy development of heart and mind. The music of the opera, though it be sensuous, does not minister to the gross qualities of the mind and heart; it imparts a refinement more delicate and deep than the culture acquired by reading. The passions which it evokes are only strong in their lyrical elements. The opera is, therefore, evidently superior to the drama in expressing the inner motives of an action, and the feelings which it produces.

It now only remains to consider whether the action itself can be best shown by the aid of music and whether self-reflections, dialogues, etc., which are almost entirely devoid of emotion, can be properly presented when invested with music.

Here we find first that the action

is unduly hampered by the singing, even when this is in the recitative form, which Wagner has brought to great perfection. A calm, dignified, and unre-served or pathetic demeanor is, indeed, quite possible, but the excited, vehement, and rude behavior which manifests itself in violent gestures and quickly changing attitudes cannot be tolerated in the opera.

As regards self-reflections, which are so often met with and are almost a necessary feature of the drama, if it be intended to describe man truly, they are found in the opera in the form of dreams that are at once sufficiently natural and dramatic and very well fitted to be re-lated to song. But the philosophical musings of Hamlet, for instance, could, of course, not be expressed in music. And if they could be set to music it would take a genius like Wagner to understand it; and such are unhappily — or happily — very few. The dramatic dialogue is well expressed by Wagner's duets. The trios and quartets of the older operas were written only for the sake of the music. But not all dialogues of a drama are sufficiently dramatic to allow an effective and realistic rendition in music. How, for instance, could the talk of the tradesmen in the introductory scene of *Julius Caesar* be rendered in music? But this is a very good introduction to the drama, acquainting us with the Roman populace. Anyone with but little knowledge of music will admit that none of the Shakespearean dramas, with the exception of *Romeo and Juliet*, could be the libretto for an opera. Every true drama can therefore not be associated with music.

But we must on that account not underestimate the importance and capa-

THE OPERA AND THE DRAMA

bilities of the opera. As a work of art and an output of genius, Wagner's operas are not much inferior to Shakespeare's dramas. They are model dramas indeed, but as their theme lies in the realm of the strange and the marvelous, they cannot so well represent the "world on the boards," which to do is the office of the spoken drama. To express in melody and accord a libretto which Wagner himself composed and which alone is a masterpiece of the poet's and the dramatist's art, is certainly a mark of transcendent genius.

If the Greeks of classic times had continued to improve in music and the drama, they would today find the most instruction and satisfaction in the music-drama. But to us, who find delight in seeing the ingenuity of men in the attain-

ment of their wishes depicted rather than the emotions and passions which precede or accompany a desire, deed, or event, the drama is of more interest. We prefer to study characters which represent men or classes of men in actual life rather than heroes sprung from the idealist's brain that are types of mankind in general. But we should not neglect the opera, for it provides us the highest epic and lyric enjoyment of a romantic event. It refines, softens, and expands mind and heart as no other art can do; it gives us a thorough knowledge of the life within man; and, what should also be of importance to all, it affords an insight into the world of music which is a garden of delights, where one may find satisfaction and instruction in the enjoyment of the greatest of arts.

WE TOLERATE IT

By William Kramer '39

Appeal to prospective customers determines the worth of advertising. This ultimate end is reached through two immediate ends — the education of the customer concerning the product on the market and, with less emphasis, the development of mass production with its possibility of a higher standardized quality at a lower price. It is evident that billboards and all posters have flopped miserably as educational agents; they have done their bit toward mass production on the principle that the end justifies the means.

The means of billboard advertising

have long been a nuisance to highway travel and a menace to public safety. Time was when tourists lost their way in the dark because they mistook Mail Pouch for the name of a road; when the gargoyle grin of a Nehi girl standing at an intersection distracted drivers away from the car coming on the transverse road. Highway legislation has eliminated the most dangerous of these monstrosities, but those that remain are set up purposely to attract the driver, who would escape them if he could.

If billboard advertising is dangerous to physical safety it is even more hazard-

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ous to moral integrity; it expresses a baneful philosophy which it serves to perpetuate and intensify. The ancient Greeks loved freedom and brought forth the Acropolis; Mediaeval Europe loved Christ, and the country is rich with cathedral spires; America loves money, and its roadsides bristle with commercial advertising. Our country is blessed with a wealth of natural beauty and cursed with a wealth of natural resources; cursed not because she possesses, but because she has made them the end of her existence, and the god of Gold is the most degrading of gods.

So thoroughly is commercial America imbued with this philosophy that it stops at nothing to attract the attention of the public and hold that attention concentrated on a particular product. A novel or a play is condemned if it advocates divorce; billboards go on offending decency by their uncouth jingles. "My man don't shave, said Myrtle Fuzz; but I should worry, Dora's does," is only one of the hundreds of examples that could be gathered in a day's journey.

Apart from their purpose there should not, it would seem, be any difference between the quality of commercial and fine art. The one is meant to please; the other to educate the individual on the merits of a particular product. By far the greater number of posters, however, are a parody on art. But even if an American artist were to paint a picture surpassing in grace the Venus of Praxiteles and then label it, "She Eats Fleischman's Yeast," the combined effect would be a disgrace to the nation.

All the more true is this when one considers how industry spreads its bold

flare over the most scenic spots of the land simply because it is most sure to be seen there. No artist would ruin a masterpiece already finished by plastering his handiwork on top of this canvass. God, the supreme artist, has given us nature, and yet billboard advertisers come along and plant their disgraceful signs in front of the works of His hand. The fact that the most objectionable ones have disappeared is a tribute rather to the innate good sense of the people than to the business of poster advertising. Bills strewn all over the land; dirty papers tacked to grand old trees; ragged words painted on buildings and fences, placed there to bring a few pennies to the pocketbook of a small proprietor; great billboards flashing their pictures for sense impression — a quick, unthinking impression, the very opponent of the deliberate leisure required for progress; shallow, childish arguments that are an insult to an intelligent head, cannot but bear an untoward influence on the plastic mind of youth. Billboards, with their glaring colors and their appeal to the baser elements in man, are a jazz influence in modern life.

It is well to have the high standard of quality brought about by mass production. But it is better to have it by improving the product and demonstrating its merits in sane logic than to force it upon the customer by the interminable repetition of its name. This repetition is the avowed purpose of advertising — the only effective use of billboard advertising, and it is carried on to the extent of one and one-half billion dollars a year out of the coffers of industry, which means eventually out of the pockets of the people.

DRAMA IN CATHOLIC COLLEGES

By Edward Gruber '37

A little reflection will convince the staunchest antagonist that the Catholic plays of recent years were not well received by our American audiences. The Catholic background of Eugene O'Neil's *Days Without End* seemed to frighten the people away, while Philip Barry's *Joyous Season* likewise served more as a scarecrow than a magnet. In view of this failure of Catholic plays together with the fact that the Catholic literary revivalists have practically shunned the drama, it was hoped that a survey of the status of drama in our American Catholic colleges would prove interesting and possibly beneficial. Due consideration promoted the use of the questionnaire as the vehicle for collecting the needed information. Thus the following questions were sent to fifty of our largest Catholic colleges.

1. What is the goal, specific or general, which you have set as the aim of your dramatic work?
2. Is dramatics a definite course of study in your school?
3. Have you organized a dramatic club in your institution?
4. Please give a list of plays produced in your school within the last five years.
5. What do you consider your outstand-

ing achievement in the line of dramatics in recent years?

6. Have you made use of mixed casts?
7. To what extent have you created your own stage sets?
8. Have any of your graduates become successful professional actors or actresses? Who?
9. What in your opinion is the greatest need in Catholic drama today?
10. May we have, if the request is not too bold, some pictures of one of your most notable productions?
11. Remarks?

The results of this investigation have, as expected, been quite interesting, and may, through publication, prove beneficial. The author feels satisfied to note that fifty percent of his inquiries were answered, while a good number of the correspondents showed their deep interest in the project by requesting a copy of the findings. At present it seems tolerably certain that this study was extensive and successful enough to warrant its conclusions.

As might be predicted, the first question accumulated a good number of varying answers, most of which are worthy of mention. The most popular reply was that the end and aim for which to strive is the development of an appreciation of

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drama, ascribed to by eleven correspondents. Next in the order of popularity was the acquisition of ease and poise before an audience, mentioned eight times, and the personal culture of students, mentioned seven times. Since most of the colleges replying, numbered two or three different ends or aims for which they are striving, the number ascribing to the various answers will naturally exceed the number of replying colleges.

Three schools mentioned professional theater work of all kinds, including radio, teaching, writing, and acting; two reported the development of creative ability; one spoke of the knowledge of technique, and one of the expert and professional presentation of recognized plays.

Probably the best individual reply for this question came from Stephen P. Callahan, Assistant Director of Dramatics at DePaul University. He states that the goals of the department are several. "First, it is a professional school for the training of those people interested in making the stage a career, whether it be as an actor, director, or stage designer; second, a training school for teachers of the drama; third, giving to the students an appreciation of the drama; fourth, supplying the cultural demand of the students and friends of the University." This has been chosen as the ideal answer to this question because it embodies every goal that is in any way worth striving for. The success in dramatics attained by DePaul is ample proof of the value of their policy.

The findings of the second query were indeed unexpected and surprising, verifying the conclusion that 65% of our colleges offer a course in dramatics. Since this question was a "yes" or "no" propo-

sition the other 35% naturally replied in the negative. I stated that these findings were unexpected and surprising because previously I did not believe that our modern Catholic youths were sufficiently interested in dramatics to warrant so high a percentage. Convinced, though, that they are interested and that sufficient opportunity is offered them to develop their talents, it appears likely that the drama is reviving in our Catholic schools. We shall, however, be more capable of judgment in this matter from the calibre of plays produced, which phase will be discussed later.

In so far as it received affirmative answers at the rate of 100%, the third question produced the most unique conclusion in comparison to the rest. Even in the 35% of schools where dramatics is not a definite course of study there are dramatic clubs in operation, presenting plays and educating their members in the appreciation of the theater arts. This 100% reply is still more conclusive evidence that the drama is far from stagnant in Catholic circles; in fact, it proves the immense and active popularity of the drama.

So far the conclusions reached are encouraging and commendable. But just because a college has a worthy goal at which to aim, or just because it fosters a dramatic club it cannot on that account be said to be a successful and creditable school of drama. There are other elements that enter into the case which all in all tend to complicate the source of solution. But aside from this, there is one item whose transparency furnishes an excellent opportunity to judge the real value and productiveness of a given school; that one item is its list of plays.

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A list of Shakespearean dramas and other old plays shows an interest in classical literature; a list of Catholic and religious dramas displays a fervent determination on the part of the school to inculcate true appreciation for Catholic literature; a list of secular dramas points toward the higher things in life in the secular way; a list of comedies or mysteries places dramatics on the pedestal merely as an entertainer and fun maker.

Thus the fourth question has produced some telling replies that really give an insight into the status of drama in our Catholic colleges. And if numbers do not lie it must be stated that comedies are the most popular type of presentation. This bit of information, plus the fact that mysteries are third in order of popularity, leads one to conclude that dramatics is considered a means more of entertainment, fun, and laughs than of the quest for art and beauty. There are, however, some types of comedies and mysteries which are highly commendable, as for instance, "The Queen's Husband," a social comedy by Robert Emmet Sherwood. Despite its humorous situations and pleasant wit it has all the qualification of a real play. This can hardly be said of the majority of comedies and mysteries, for authors seem to write them merely as comedies, and in doing so forget that they are writing plays; their choice of detail is dictated by the ends and aims of comedy rather than by the ends and aims of art. Such plays, although entertaining, are certainly not educating their audience to an appreciation of dramatics.

Catholic and religious plays ran a close second to comedies, and probably were surpassed only because of their own

scarcity. Many notable plays of this category were produced, such as *Craig's Wife*, *Joyous Season*, *Holiday*, *Cradle Song*, and *Marvelous History of St. Bernard*. *The Upper Room* has the distinction of being presented by four different colleges, the most presentations any one play received.

Secular drama, such as *Journey's End* and *The World Waits*, was fourth in popularity, while Shakespeare and the Classics were last. Only six plays of Shakespeare were presented, but some of them appeared more than once, making the total number of Shakespearean productions thirteen. Ten other classical plays were presented.

These figures seem to imply quite definitely that the classics are still the favorites. The study of the classics is undoubtedly the best way of instructing students both in the appreciation and in the writing and presenting of drama. Shakespeare and the classics, then, should never be overlooked.

In general this short review of plays produced does not show very satisfactory results. There is a sad lack of Catholic presentations which to some extent is due to their paucity. This question, however, will be discussed later.

To four of the correspondents the laurels of success are especially due for their meriting of the honor of world premieres. Columbia College of Dubuque, Iowa, has the distinction of having merited three premieres, that of *Within These Walls*, *The Mountain*, and the western premiere of *Days Without End*. The *Comedian* by Henri Gheon was first presented in the United States by the Laetare players of Mundelein College in Chicago, while Rosary College of River

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Forest, Illinois, was honored with the world premiere of *Sanctity* by Violet Clifton. DePaul University, Chicago, was the first to produce *The World Between* by Fritz Blocki, and likewise *Glee Plays The Game* by Alice Gerstenberg. Such outstanding achievements are certainly commendable and are strong bits of evidence of the wholesome dramatic reputation some of our Catholic colleges possess.

Other significant achievements include the winning of all prizes except that for best performer in the Northwestern University Theater Tournament, in 1929, by Creighton University; a successful one-act play tournament by Marymount College, Salina, Kansas; the beautiful and splendid productions of *Romeo and Juliet* and *Merchant of Venice*, by St. Louis University; and the devotion to Shakespeare and the other classical writers in general, by D'Youville College, Buffalo, N. Y. Feats of this kind are proof enough of the success and accomplishment thus far attained.

Oddly enough, the answers to the next question were not able to decide definitely whether mixed casts in College dramatics are tolerable or not, because negative replies were just as numerous as affirmative ones. Some interesting comment on this question accompanied the affirmative reply of Father Joseph Maguire, C.S.C., of St. Edward's University, Austin, Texas. "I personally," writes Father Maguire, "do not think it wise from more than one point of view to have boys take girls' parts, unless these parts are burlesque. I do not think it helps the boy or the play." As a remedy for one-sex casts it seems safe to state that any college could easily induce girls or boys (as the case may be) from nearby

towns or colleges to take part in their dramatic endeavors, and it seems likely that such a policy would prove beneficial both to the actors and to the play itself.

Both of the accompanying pictures give a good idea of what can be done by students in the line of stage setting and costuming. The first is a scene from *Within These Walls* as presented by Columbia College, Dubuque, Iowa. Mark well how plain and simple, yet intensely dramatic the entire setting appears. There is nothing in this picture that has no definite purpose, no patent idea to convey. The shadow of light on the rock and floor in the foreground is a pleasing variation from the otherwise repeated dark and light. There is only one attraction in this setting, the cross. Even the two monks are secondary, their white garments against the white background making them rather vaguely outlined. In general this setting is beautiful in its utter simplicity.

The second picture is an excellent example of home-made costuming. It is a scene from Henri Gheon's *The Comedian* as presented by the Laetare players of Mundelein College. In order to criticize this costuming it must be noted that the action of this play takes place in imperial Rome in the third century after Christ. Genesius, lying on the couch, is without a doubt a young aristocrat of the latter years of the Roman empire. Both the garment and the coiffure represent faithfully the manners and customs of this date. This bit of costuming shows what a little forethought coupled with the use of the imagination can achieve in this line of endeavor. This example of costuming and the above-mentioned example of setting are representative cases



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of the heights of dramatic achievement reached by some of our colleges.

The eighth question brought some very interesting answers, which attest to the fact that 20% of our colleges have graduates in the field of professional theater or its cognate arts. Santa Clara University has the most outstanding list of star professional performers, including Edmund Lowe, Andy Devine, Tully Marshall, John Ivan, Lloyd Nolan, and Jack McGuire. DePaul University boasts of Louise Campbell, Bee Sarche, and John Rafferty on the stage, and M. Jay Romano and Norman Gottschalk in the field of radio. Don Ameche, a recent Hollywood success, looks to Columbia as his Alma Mater, while Damian O'Flynn, a Broadway performer, is a Creighton graduate. Only recently Miss Mercedes McCambridge, a senior at Mundelein College, received a five-year contract from NBC; Miss Jane Malkemus, likewise a Mundelein senior, and Miss Sallie Agnes Smith, a Mundelein graduate, have also reached success on the air.

Mundelein College, moreover, is the proud sponsor of Choric Mosaics — a program of poetry, pantomime, music, and dance — which is heard each Sunday afternoon on the red network of NBC. This program is presented by the Mundelein College Verse-Speaking Choir, probably the only absolutely unique organization in radio. It is really a modern imitation of the ancient Greek and Roman chorus, one of the earliest forms of drama. The enthusiasm displayed by the audience on the first appearance of this choir soon led to an audition at NBC and ultimately a contract. In June, 1936, the Verse-Speaking Choir was the guest of the RCA Magic Key broadcast,

which is considered by many as one of the finest programs on the air.

It is the next question, the ninth and final one, that is considered the most important of all. Despite the encouraging picture thus far painted in this article there are many indigences in Catholic drama today. The replies to this question were naturally quite varied and also quite numerous, since most replies mentioned several needs. If we count noses we must conclude that the greatest need is "Catholic drama, not sentimental, but truly built on Catholic faith." Next in the count of noses comes "Catholic playwrights," mentioned three times, and Catholic plays for "Women's Colleges," likewise mentioned three times. The only other reply mentioned more than once was "Catholic audiences that will appreciate good Catholic plays," subscribed to twice.

"Catholic drama that is not sentimental but truly built on Catholic faith." Without a doubt this is what we need. No one will deny that. But personally it appears far too general a reply to be of any immediate assistance. Many of the other replies were more practical as far as immediate use is concerned. The need of Catholic playwrights, for instance, is much more practical, as is also the education of the public to an appreciation of Catholic drama. Loyola University of Chicago also mentioned some very urgent needs including the education of the clergy to an appreciation of dramatic literature, and the need of Catholic university men in the field of the theater. All these latter ideas are indeed helpful and worth while. If we fill these needs we are starting from the bottom, and can be assured at least of

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a firm basis in our attempt to better Catholic drama.

The author feels inclined to believe that the three women's colleges which considered "Catholic plays for women's Colleges" an urgent need are quite biased in their conclusion. But then, they probably will not agree with the comment of Father Maguire, C. S. C., of St. Edward's University, Austin, Texas, quoted in connection with the discussion of mixed casts. Then, too, after thinking over the matter carefully, what hope of reward can entice authors to write plays for one sex? They realize beforehand that non-co-ed colleges are practically their only customers, and that they cannot make a living from such a limited source. The remedy for this difficulty is, to this writer, identical with that suggested for the question of mixed casts. Bring in boys or girls (as the case may be) from nearby towns or colleges, and present some real, genuine plays.

Another problem which quite a few of our colleges must face is the problem of royalties. There are many complaints to the effect that all the good plays are out of reach of amateurs because of their huge royalty. A suggestion to remedy this condition was offered by Alfred J. Bonomo, Director of Dramatics at Loyola University, New Orleans. "A movement should be started to have publishers and authors realize that royalty plays should be put within the reach of amateurs. This could be done by grading the producers into professional, semi-professional, and amateur (the last including universities, colleges, high schools, sodality groups, and civic groups.)" From all appearances this suggestion is at least worthy of a trial. Something must be

done to bring good plays within the reach of amateurs; why not try this?

Two other opinions as to the needs of Catholic drama run in the vein of organization. Urban Nagle, O. P., of Providence College, suggests a "National central organization such as is being planned by the Blackfriars Institute of Dramatic Arts at Catholic University during the coming summer session." St. Mary's College, Notre Dame, Indiana, recommends the organization of dramatics in parishes. Both these suggestions are applicable to our present-day dramatic problems. They will no doubt lead to a wider interest in the theater in general and ultimately to a greater appreciation of dramatics.

These, then, are the findings of the questionnaire. From the numerous opinions concerning the needs of Catholic drama today it appears evident that there are many things to be done. Our ultimate goal must be the development of real Catholic plays, based on the rock of faith and Catholic principles. We must above all avoid the sentimental, "saccharine" type of propaganda writing which is so rampant today. It seems safe to say that the suggestions of our various colleges as stated in this article at least merit a trial in our attempt to better dramatic conditions.

Thus, when the Catholic dramatic convention, headed by Emmet Lavery, gets under way in Chicago in June, and when the Blackfriar convention at the Catholic University meets in August, it is hoped that this little study of dramatic conditions in our Catholic Colleges will be of assistance in bringing to the fore some definite plans for the betterment of Catholic drama.

A TRAMP STORY

By William Arnold '02

(Reprinted from the April, 1900 COLLEGIAN. The author, now the Rev. William R. Arnold, is a Chaplain in the United States Army, stationed at Ft. McKinley, Manila, P.I. He edited the COLLEGIAN during the scholastic year, 1901-02.)

The cold, crisp, piercing air hummed an ominous and melancholy refrain as it fingered, sometimes gently, sometimes roughly, the taut telegraph wires on this cheerless night in December. It might have been a wilderness but for the shafts of light that in the distance flashed heavenward, bespeaking a populous city. A tempestuous snow storm had a few hours previous mantled mother earth with a robe of flawless purity, as if to deceive the starry spectators of the latent depravity and corruption. High on an embankment lay the railroad track, discernible under its snowy coat only by the elevation. The moon on its decline gave a mellow tint to the scene of immaculate whiteness, while myriads of bright beams, reflected from the virginal snow, transformed the surrounding meadows into beds of glittering diamonds.

The wind grew calm, the humming of the wires ceased, the scene breathes not, utters not a sound, a vacuum-like stillness prevades all — Ah, a sob! A dark object, in marked contrast with the horizon-bound whiteness, moves slowly and unsteadily along the track. The almost day-like brightness delineates a tall and what appears to have once been a muscular figure, clothed shabbily, even scantily, a haggard, unshaven face, out of

which stared eyes that mingled looks of despair, wretchedness, and bodily suffering.

Halting, the man in a half-demented way looked about him as though he hoped to rest his eyes upon something that might relieve the despondent feeling which seemed with well-guarded fury and tenacity to hold his soul in thraldom. Ah, but that one thing which could satisfy his ardent longing, fill the lonesomeness of his guilty heart, ease the acute sting of conscience was many miles away — his family, abandoned by him in their hour of need — oh, the thought, his children begging in weakened sobs for bread from fatherly hands. "O God! Thy punishment is most just, for not a bite have I had for two days. Why did I leave my dear ones and take to this roaming, hellish life?" And sorrowfully did he contemplate his rags. Exhausted by fatigue and hunger, he sank upon the ties and his frame trembled in the outpouring of his grief. "O God, pardon!" was sobbingly repeated, and tears of sorrow trickled down his cheeks, melting the snow beneath his face.

His grief spent, he sat upright; upon his face was a trace of peace and in his eyes a look of happiness to come, at the thought of being again with his family

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and atoning for past neglect by loving, solicitous care in the future. This resolution raised his spirits, the blood coursed more warmly through his veins; tomorrow evening would, if fortune favored, see him in the sweet embrace of his loved ones — yes, sweet, though it was in detested poverty.

He arose briskly, was about to step off, when his foot caught beneath the rail. Giving it a violent jerk, what was his dismay in seeing the rail tip and fall over upon its side. Upon a closer examination he found that all the inner spikes had been drawn out, the straps unbolted and thrown into the ditch, thus leaving the rail apparently safe and solid. Oh horrors, what dastardly deed was this! What devils were abroad engaged in such fiendish work! It was evidently a plot to ditch No. 8, the midnight Express. But for the last two weeks No. 8 was carrying, besides express, four sleepers, and these with their human freight were rushing to certain destruction. No. 8 due at twelve o'clock — what hour is it now? That it was not yet past midnight was evident from the snow-covered rails. What sound is that — the whistle of a locomotive? No, only the hooting of an owl perched on a distant telegraph pole. But it roused the man from his staring reverie. His first impulse was to run — run far away from the sight and sound of the inevitable calamity, from the groanings and wailings of the dying and wreck-imprisoned beings, from the sight of warm, spurting blood crimsoning the pure snow, the flames of the burning coaches licking and tormenting the quivering, human flesh. With such ghostly and futile images the man was crazing himself. Hark! He stared, stood mo-

tionless, listened, every muscle held rigid, every nerve acute; the sound of a bell — 'twas the city clock in the distance faintly tolling out amidst the dreadful silence the hour. He counted — nine — ten — eleven — oh, he would have given worlds had it ceased there; he knew the Express, rarely late, was due at twelve, the last moment seemed endless, when clear and distinctly came the last clang — twelve.

No time to lose. With a giant effort, he collected what little energy remained in his weak and famished body. Examining the other rails he found them, to his great relief, safe and solid. His first task was to find the missing straps, long pieces of iron by which each end of a rail is connected with the adjacent rails. The nuts and bolts were lying where they had been detached. Thinking that the straps were in all probability in the ditch, he threw himself over the embankment and half rolling, half sliding, he landed in a snow drift at the bottom. Without waiting to dash the snow from his eyes and mouth, he started to burrow into the drift, about where he thought the straps might have been thrown. In a few seconds he had one; the other three were lying a few feet distant. Grasping them he worked himself to the top of the embankment. Exhausted and breathing hard he sinks upon the ties; with his warm breath he endeavors to ease the stinging, biting pain in his fingers.

As the faint sound of a whistle, probably some four or five miles distant, comes to his ear, a despairing moan escapes him and he jumps to his feet. But five minutes to work. How his arms and hands perform their tasks! One slips in the bolt while the other tightens the

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nut. The two east straps are now set and sufficiently tight to hold that end of the rail in place. With a jump and a bound he is at the other end, his hands in the meantime seemed never to have ceased their motion. Ah, one bolt set, still one more. Again the shrill whistle, this time much nearer. He grows nervous, the drops of perspiration ooze from his forehead, his trembling fingers drop the nut — perdition upon it — again he grasps it firmly. Looking up he saw with eyes bulging out with horror the fiery orb of the locomotive rounding the curve not two miles distant. A few more twists of the bolt and all will be safe. The bolt is rusty and the nut refuses to go any further; kneeling on the end of the tie he bends over the rail, seizes the obstinate nut between his teeth; his teeth break and from his

lacerated gums and lips blood flows forth tingeing the snow. But he seems to be conscious of nothing. He tugs, twists, ah, it turns — once, three ti — dizziness blinds him and enfeebled by a two days' fast and the past few moments of intense excitement, his body sinks with a convulsive shudder midway across the rail, the white sheet for a pall, and —

Whiz! No. 8 skimmed over the fatal rail, cleaving the air at the rate of sixty-five miles an hour. The moon had vanished beneath the horizon. The wind again swept the wires in a sorrowful moan. "Say, Fred," yelled the sooty fireman of No. 8 through a mouthful of coal dust, "that looked to me like a stray lamb." Engineer Fred eased the throttle for the fast approaching city. He looked straight into the darkness and never said a word.

SYMBIANTS

By Joseph Anthamatten '37

Of the 225,000 living species of plants and the 600,000 living species of animals I was at a loss which to choose when confronted with the question, What is a symbiont? As the imagination sometimes pulls one through the distressing situations arising in an examination, had I only known that symbionts are something like sponges of parasites I would never have evaded the question so circuitously. While in a strictly biological sense there is a real distinction

between parasitism and symbiosis, the latter term broadly speaking includes the idea of parasitism. Etymologically, as a student of languages should have realized, symbiosis means living together — mutually or antagonistically; those plants or animals that live together intimately and derive mutual benefit from their relationship fall under the strict biological meaning of the term; those that live at the expense of their host are parasites. Neither of them was living with me on that un-

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auspicious morning even though all the dogs I ever owned had fleas; yes, even though from my earliest youth, as I romped through the wooded slopes of the Ozarks, I had occasion to witness that antagonistic symbiont famous in nature and in song.

The freak of nature of which I speak, which amazed me as I visited those lazy woods where trees were so indifferent about living and growing that they gave themselves over to the elements and to parasites, is the mistletoe. Would a romance-loving world accept it so gallantly if they knew what an insidious enemy it is of the mighty oak? Nestling in the branches of the very summit of the tallest trees it embeds itself in the wood, choking out the life by sucking the sap. Adventurous youth heeds not the hazards of climbing near where those clutching tendrils have penetrated: I loved the adventure; I would not have cursed my neighboring State for choosing this anomaly for its emblem had I come crashing down from my dizzy height and rolled to the bottom of the ravine.

Another plant of the symbiont class, one for which I did not have to pant and climb, a source of great beauty to the silvan grounds, is the familiar lichen which gracefully drapes from low branches or glistens in the sun on the flat surface of rocks along the moist banks of trickling springs and cool lakes. At first sight it appears as a large plant, but on closer examination it reveals itself as a combination of two kinds of microscopic organisms — tiny green algae and fungi. The algae receive a maternal protection from the fungi, which in turn are freely nourished by the algae.

Next to the circus every boy loves the

zoo. There when he tires of watching the bears catch peanuts and the elephants worm their trunks around a wisp of hay, he may dash to the bird house where fowls as common and familiar as house wrens and as idiosyncratic as the South American Psittacula startle his wide-eyed astonishment. These latter, commonly known as lovebirds, may be termed emotional symbionts. All day long they prattle to each other in pairs, some strong impulse, perhaps arising from a sixth sense, causing the phenomenon. Although they will perish if they do not live in partnership one who listens to their chatter will do them no injustice if he considers it a "You blarney me, I'll blarney you" duel of repartee.

What boy, too, as he tramps through the woods, exploring every fallen log and stump along the trail, does not stand with open mouth when what appeared to be a solid chunk yields to a slight tug, and falling away, reveals a colony of white ants that scuttle away in all directions as soon as their work of destruction is interrupted. These tiny creatures are symbiotic with infinitesimally smaller ones, the flagellated protozoa, unicellular animals that occupy the visceral passage of the termites, transforming the decayed wood which the latter ingest but cannot digest without their aid, performing thereby a process which the termite itself is absolutely incapable of effecting. If these partners would confine their cooperative efforts to the woodlands they would be friends of mankind; when, however, they invade the sills of frame houses or even the wooden piles of trestlework and bridges they do serious material damage and sometimes cause shocking disasters.

No boy cares to contemplate the re-

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mote possibility of such a catastrophe; boys want a tale told by some jolly tar of the hermit crab that goes so far as to violate the rules of the cloister by living in symbiosis with the sea anemone whom he even dares take with him when he changes abode, or of the ramora (the sailor is a game fisherman), a natural suction cup better than any hook to snag and hold a shark. No tall tales those. Hands in pockets and eyes sparkling, as the skipper unwinds his yarn, the boys see the hermit crab lazily creep from one shell, and borne along by the anemone which it itself bears, half crawl, half glide to its next dwelling; see the ramora float along until some unsuspecting shark furnishes it free locomotion and participation in all its prey; hear the zing of the reel as the heavy line to which one of these parasites has been attached spins out, the plop on the water, and a little later, the shout, "He's got one!" Watch the fisherman tug at the line as the shark

battles and rages. Then the bark of the rifle as the gnashing fish appears on the foam, the securing gaff forever checking the career of a man-eater whom swimmers fear and over whom fishermen gloat.

But tell that boy about human symbionts, a pair of Siamese twins who cannot live separated, because, as surgeons have found, there is some vital systemic organ of common source which supplies both individuals; tell him that in the nineteenth century a pair of these lived for sixty-three years in China; that their names were Chang and Yen; that they were joined at the breastbone; that since their time there have been at least a few more cases of this abnormality; tell him this and offer to swear by all the powers of heaven to its veracity, and unless he is already more aware than I was on test morning of the answer to that four-word question, he will probably answer laconically — "Baloney!"

CONSEIL

by

William Callahan '37

Bow, yea bow before your image there,
Before your mind-imagined greatness; lay
Upon its base your fealty and prayer.
But glance not up — at the form you think so fair
You'll find your idol's also made of clay.

THE VERSIFICATION OF SHAKESPEARE'S "KING RICHARD II"

By Richard Trame '38

Shakespeare, artist that he was, called upon the most used of man's tools — words, to paint his masterpieces of Beauty and Life. But the keen artistic ability of this man raised this seemingly lifeless thing to a towering pinnacle of real rhythmic music. Words sprouted from his fast-flowing pen, ran, soared, rushed to the high rolling heavens and lived there as an implacable monument to a literary genius.

To even the flippant reader of Shakespeare comes a physical realization of this poetic artistry, but not everyone notices the lilting changes, the harmonious variations that are used to make these words live a life, an emotion, a thought. Through meaningful shiftings of rhythms, by every means of a poet's license, Shakespeare has made his words to swell like the thunderous crescendo of a hundred-tongued choir or to fade like the soft-winged falcon into the thin, blue air. Yet always they are words, but what delicate songs they sing!

Let us not, however, paint in our mind the erroneous picture of a man, haloed by the flickering light of a candle, perspiringly counting off pentameters on his chewed finger-tips, but rather let our vision be that of a Chopin, whose punctiliously manicured fingers streak light-

ning-like over the ivory key-board, urged on by the everlasting music of words, aflame with a desire to create, certain with the knowledge of a master, compelled by the artistic inspiration in his soul. That, I think, was Shakespeare, the poet, the dramatist. Words ran from his pen as fluently as notes from the ivory keys of Chopin's piano. Chopin's music spoke words; Shakespeare's words sang songs. Both were true artists.

Shakespeare's play, *The Tragedy of King Richard II*, shows all this and more. A study of the verse demonstrates his mastery in making blank verse the perfect medium for his thoughts. In this study we shall treat only of Shakespeare's blank verse as found in the above-mentioned play, the many variations that the poet so aptly employed, and the interpretation of these changes as they appear to us.

First comes a passing glimpse at the customary blank verse that flows so majestically through all of Shakespeare's dramas — tragedy or comedy. This verse consists in a decasyllabic line of five iambic feet. This is the normal blank verse, but variations must occur in any great piece of artistic poetry, variations of length and rhythm, that lend a pleasing change from the five-

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foot iambic monotony. In this Shakespeare succeeds most admirably.

The Tragedy of King Richard II produces many lines of strict blank verse; yet there are lines that fly free from the rule, lines that blank verse could never hold. Just what are we to do with these latter?

In answering this, some students of Shakespeare staunchly maintain that the Elizabethan master wrote only in iambic pentameter, and go to almost fantastic means to fit every line into the tight shoes of blank verse. Van Dam and Stoffel are the most rabid exponents of this school. They make every effort to keep Shakespeare's blank verse pure and unchanging. Words are shortened, words are elided, syllables are dropped — all in an effort to make the blank-verse shoe fit.

Another school goes to the opposite extreme — that of having Shakespeare abandon the iambic entirely. M. A. Bayfield in his *Shakespeare's Versification* puts all lines on a completely trochaic base. True, this does eliminate all unruly lines, but it demands too much in supposing the majority of lines are all catalectic. He overlooks the fact that Shakespeare's poetry, written primarily to be spoken on the stage, must therefore, possess a rhythm that conforms to the meaning implied.

Still another possibility is presented. This theory propounds the idea that when Shakespeare deviated from the blank verse rule he had in mind an Alexandrine with the missing foot supplied by some pause (caesura) or gesture. In some few instances this may be correct, as in the following line where King Richard speaks to Bolingbroke. The

pause or break may be readily supplied by his pointing to himself:

King Richard: "Were then but subjects; being now a subject," (Act 4 — Scene 1 — Line 307).

Other lines bear out this same possibility, but some others do not. This following, it seems to me, certainly can not be made an Alexandrine on the strength of a supposed caesura or gesture. Demanding this would not conform to the rhythm of the line nor the meaning of the words.

Mowbray: "It issues from the rancour of a villain." (Act 1 — Scene 1 — Line 143).

The most logical solution to the problem seems to be that Shakespeare manipulated his medium with the agile freedom due to every artist. In his *The Metre of Macbeth*, David L. Chambers says: "It seems that where Shakespeare used feminine endings it was not because he thought them an adornment but because his 'feeling instinctively reached out for them' at moments when they would give a desirable effect." (P. 44)

If this statement may be accepted, and I think it should, we may turn to a study of the use which Shakespeare makes of the feminine line. This is the usual iambic pentameter line with a redundant syllable at the end — a "grace note" as it were to the staid rhythm of blank verse. Here it is scanned:

- ' | - ' | - ' | - ' | - ' | -

But let us not get the erroneous opinion that Shakespeare used this freedom by mere chance, anywhere, everywhere, with only a whim as his guide. A careful study of the lines in *King Richard II* will demonstrate that there was a method

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in his artistry. Examples will be quoted throughout this treatise to portray the Poet's keen powers of diversity and rhythm.

When Shakespeare wished to give an effect comparable to polite and graceful conversation he fell into the feminine line. Examples of this are plentiful. Mowbray, in seeking King Richard's forgiveness, says:

Mowbray: "Your grace's pardon, and I hope I had it." (Act 1 — Scene 1 — Line 141).

When Richard learns from Northumberland that Bolingbroke demands to see him, he answers in his customary polite language:

King Richard: "His noble cousin is right welcome hither;" (Act 3 — Scene 3 — Line 122).

Shakespeare turns to this device of the extra syllable even when he speaks in irony and mock politeness. This seems quite appropriate, for readily we can imagine a slurring of the voice or a curling of the lips, which is well taken care of by the redundant syllable. For example, the Queen hearing of Richard's deposition, speaks to her lady friends in words that seem to fall slowly from her ironically curled lips.

Queen: "What sport shall we devise here in this garden?"

(Act 3 — Scene 4 — Line 1)

Again, when an emotion grips the character and he is aroused to excitement, we find redundant syllables quite in evidence. Notice this as the Duchess becomes lost in emotional anguish when she learns of Bolingbroke's banishment.

Duchess: "In suffering thus thy brother to be slaughter'd,"

(Act 1 — Scene 2 — Line 30)

Toward another effect the feminine line appears in good use. If an argumentative excitement arises we find eleven-syllable lines standing out to denote that spirit of mental surging. For instance, Bolingbroke, trying to convince King Richard that Mowbray is swindling the government, becomes quite heated and excited.

Bolingbroke: "In name of lendings for your highness' soldiers,
The which he hath detain'd for lewd employments,"

(Act 1 — Scene 1 — Lines 89 & 90)

Numerous examples appear in *King Richard II* wherein the redundant syllable is found as an emphasis on a line or even on a word. Notice how outstanding or striking is the line below, the line that will cause one to stop and re-read.

Queen: "And I, a gasping new-deliver'd mother,"

(Act 2 — Scene 2 — Line 65)

A large number of these lines were also employed by the dramatist to alleviate the long, monotonous rhythm of straight blank verse. These variations are too plentiful to be quoted in any entirety, but some may be shown. We find them most often occurring in long speeches. This for example: In Act One — Scene Two the Duchess of Gloucester has a long speech in the midst of which comes this variating feminine line:

Duchess: "Be Mowbray's sins so heavy in his bosom,"

(Act 1 — Scene 2 — Line 50)

Likewise, when Richard is delivering a long oration of some twenty lines, Shakespeare gives him the line:

King Richard: "To wake our peace,

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which in our country's cradle,"

(Act 1 — Scene 3 — Line 132)

Thus might we continue with repeated examples, but it is sufficient to see the above and know that many more exist and then pass on into the next variation — the Alexandrine line.

Similar quotations and interpretations could be made for the Alexandrine line, for it seems to answer the same uses as the redundant syllable. In explanation, let it suffice us to say that the six-foot iambic verse has always stood respected in good blank verse, and then proceeding to two examples, there let this reference rest. For the others let it be known that only sixteen such lines were found in *King Richard II*. Examples:

York: "The nobles they are fled, the commons they are cold."

(Act 2 — Scene 2 — Line 88)

Exton: "Have I no friend will rid me of this living fear?"

(Act 5 — Scene 4 — Line 2)

Still another musical effect utilized to good advantage by Shakespeare is the enjambement. In a variety of ways and for several purposes he uses it. There are relatively few instances of pure enjambement in *King Richard II*, but this statement demands of us some explanation or restriction.

The common definition of enjambement is a line that is not punctuated, one, therefore, that carries on into the following verse. But a distinction must be made between end-stopt lines and run-on lines. The former lacks punctuation, but is complete in meaning without the need of another line. Take this first line for an example:

Bushy: "To lay aside life-harming

heaviness

And entertain a cheerful disposition."

(Act 2 — Scene 2 — Lines 3 & 4)

This line might well be complete in itself. The run-on lines, however, are not complete without another line to fulfill their meaning. Example:

York: "I am no traitor's uncle: and that word 'grace'

In an ungracious mouth is but profane."

(Act 2 — Scene 3 — Lines 88 & 89)

We shall, therefore, understand as enjambement only examples of the run-on line, for Shakespeare in this play makes splendid use of it. Notice, first, how the very words carry us into the next line without a stop or even a breath. It is a sense of rapidity that urges us on.

Mowbray: "Three parts of that receipt I had for Calais

Disbursed I duly to his highness' soldiers;"

(Act 1 — Scene 1 — Lines 126 & 127)

Then, again, to effect a sense of variation in a long passage we find the enjambement. In a rather long talk by Bagot three lines rush one into another, easing the monotony:

Bagot: "I heard you say that you had rather refuse

The offer of an hundred thousand crowns

Than Bolingbroke's return to England."

(Act 4 — Scene 1 — Lines 15 — 17)

In Shakespeare's scheme of versification bits of characterization called for enjambement. No better examples could be desired than those where Mowbray is trying to defend his own good name and reputation:

Mowbray: "Yet can I not of such tame patience boast

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As to be hush'd and nought at all to say:"

(Act 1 — Scene 1 — Lines 52 & 53)

Again:

Mowbray: "A jewel in a ten-times-barr'd-up chest

Is a bold spirit in a loyal breast."

(Act 1 — Scene 1 — Lines 180 & 181)

The most common variation found in *King Richard II* is the inversion or the introduction of the trochee foot instead of the iambic. This abundance, I think, is due largely to the richness of variety which it so aptly affords as well as to its seeming necessity to put forth the exact intonation as desired by the words.

Now it is for us to distinguish the varying differences of use to which it is put. First, there are differences of placement, viz., we find the trochee foot appearing most gracefully in each of the first four feet of the pentameter line. Occasionally even two may be found in one line, but this is truly rare. But wherever they are placed they are tools in Shakespeare's hand used well and with artistic purpose.

Second, comes the interpretation of this variation. Time after time Shakespeare employed the trochee to emphasize some particular word. These inversions placed, as they are, in their selective settings do make the point clear. There are numerous instances of this emphasis, but only a few will be quoted. In the following line note the stress on the word, Edward. There is no mistaking it:

Duchess: "Edward's seven sons, whereof thyself art one,"

(Act 1 — Scene 2 — Line 11)

Now note a like accent on villain.

York: "It was, villain, ere thy hand did set it down."

(Act 5 — Scene 3 — Line 54)

In moments of great excitement or roused emotions we find the trochee constantly appearing and ordinarily in the first foot. This is clearly seen when King Richard orders the commencement of the duel:

King Richard: "Virtue with valour couched in thine eye.

Order the trial, marshal, and begin."

(Act 1 — Scene 3 — Lines 98 & 99)

Even more forceful is the example of Gaunt's passion and desire for England's future prosperity shortly before his death:

Gaunt: "Dear for her reputation through the world,

Is now leased out, I die pronouncing it,
Like to a tenement or pelting farm:

England, bound in with the triumphant sea,"

(Act 2 — Scene 1 — Lines 58 — 61)

In order to get the full value of inversion as a varying element in Shakespeare's versification it would be necessary, of course, to quote long passages. Suffice it here to say that this is prevalent throughout the entire play; in fact, this is the main function of the trochee foot. Now let us examine another variation of Shakespeare's versification.

The short line in *King Richard II* occurs a number of times. Usually it shows a rapid-fire conversation. This line is ordinarily only two or three feet, occasionally four. Precise interpretation of its use is rather difficult to make, but we may find some variety of application.

The Dramatist seems satisfied with a short line when the rhythm that should

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follow is supplied by some gesture or action. In this passage we might well imagine the Queen grasping the Lady's arm to restrain her from leaving:

Queen: "But stay, here come the gardeners:"

(Act 3 — Scene 4 — Line 24)

Again, when York tells King Richard to resign his crown, he says:

York: "To Henry Bolingbroke."

(Act 4 — Scene 1 — Line 180)

Here we can imagine the line finished with a long sweeping gesture of the arms.

So also does a very brief line satisfy for the interruption of a long speech, especially if the interruption is ignored. Note how King Richard seemingly despairs the rude imposition of Northumberland's words while he is speaking:

King Richard: "Proud majesty a subject, state a peasant."

Northumberland: "My lord —"

King Richard: "No lord of thine, thou haughty insulting man,"

(Act 4 — Scene 1 — Lines 252—254)

The briefest words can convey the deepest emotions. Witness the stress of emotion and excitement produced by these short lines when King Richard learns of Gaunt's illness.

King Richard: "Where lies he?"

Bushy: "At Ely House."

(Act 1 — Scene 4 — Lines 57 & 58)

Notice, again, the deep intensity of emotional depression of King Richard while in prison when he mutters:

King Richard: "I live with bread like you feel want,

Taste grief, need friends: subjected thus,"

(Act 3 — Scene 2 — Lines 175 & 176)

In the following line notice the intense emotion expressed by the short line spoken by Bolingbroke when he learns of King Richard's return:

Bolingbroke: "Henry Bolingbroke
On both his knees doth kiss King
Richard's hand."

(Act 3 — Scene 3 — Lines 35 & 36)

In regard to a lengthy discussion of rhyme in Shakespeare's work much can be and has been said. *King Richard II* has much of it and clearly demonstrates its use. But, besides the usual final rhyme, we find the rather archaic Shakespearean use of initial rhyme, i.e., the repetition of the same word at the beginning of each line in a group. This is quite frequent in this play.

Let us first, however, look into his simple, final rhymes. The majority of this type serve merely to add a flowery conclusion to a scene or act, a lilting exit, as it were, to send the actor off the stage with a mighty sweep. The one at the end of the First Scene of Act One will suffice to indicate its apt application.

King Richard:

"There shall your swords and lances arbitrate

The swelling difference of your settled hate:

Since we cannot atone you, we shall see

Justice design the victor's chivalry.

Lord Marshal, command our officers at arms

Be ready to direct these home alarms."

(Act 1 — Scene 1 — Lines 200—205)

By this time, however, Shakespeare seems to have abandoned his customary "abab" rhyming scheme, for it is used most sparingly in *King Richard II*. In

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fact, it appears but once.

Scroop: "Men judge by the complexion of the sky

The state and inclination of the day:
So may you by my dull and heavy eye,
My tongue hath but a heavier tale
to say."

(Act 3 — Scene 2 — Lines 194—197)

Once also he uses an "abba" rhyming scheme:

York: "Report of fashions in Italy,
Whose manners still our tardy apish nation

Limps after in base imitation.

Where doth the world thrust forth
a vanity —"

(Act 2 — Scene 1 — Lines 21—24)

Outside of these two exceptions Shakespeare used only rhyming couplets in *King Richard II*.

Aside from its marking exits and ending acts with a flourish of beauty the only interpretation I can find for Shakespeare's rhyme is that it is used in moments of passionate agitation. Example: Mowbray before a duel.

Mowbray: "And when I mount, alive
may I not light,

If I be a traitor or unjustly fight."

(Act 1 — Scene 1 — Lines 82 & 83)

Again, at the close of the play Bolingbroke, being very disturbed because of the many preceding deaths, says brokenly:

Bolingbroke: "The guilt of conscience
take thou for thy labour,

But neither my good word nor princely
favour:

With Cain go wander through shades
of night,

And never show thy head by day
nor light.

Lords, I protest, my soul is full of woe,
That blood should sprinkle me to make
me grow:

Come, mourn with me for that I do
lament,

And put on sullen black incontinent:
I'll make a voyage to the Holy Land,
To wash this blood off from my guilty
hand:

March sadly after; grace my mourn-
ings here;

In weeping after this untimely bier."

(Act 5 — Scene 6 — Lines 41—53)

Parallelism of structure and a certain balancing of expression seems to induce these initial, identical rhymes.

King Richard: "With mine own tears
I wash away my balm,

With mine own hands I give away
my crown,

With mine own tongue deny my sacred
state,

With mine own breath release all duty's
rites:"

(Act 4 — Scene 1 — Lines 207—210)

This same sort of repetition occurs quite frequently throughout *King Richard II*, but as any interpretation is rather a precarious conjecture we shall say no more than that it appears frequently and in no way dims the beauty of Shakespeare's music.

The last and the least used of Shakespeare's variations is the monosyllabic line. These lines seem always to be loaded with difficulties, for they so easily slip from the poet's pen that it is dangerous to suppose intention and purpose unless this is most evident.

This quotation, however, may be given without danger to truth, because one can easily see how a number of monosyllables

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will appear when one is in a tense situation. Just such a situation is present when Bolingbroke returns from exile to win back his property from the supposedly dead King Richard.

Bolingbroke: "To rouse his wrongs and chase them to the bay."

(Act 2 — Scene 3 — Line 128)

In keeping with simple characters, it seems to me, Shakespeare also used simple Anglo-Saxon words. The Gardeners are examples of this:

Gardener: "Here did she fall a tear, here in this place

I'll set a bank of rue, sour herb of grace."

(Act 3 — Scene 4 — Lines 98 & 99)

So now as we come to the end of Shakespeare's variations in versification

we can easily see that he was, indeed, a master-poet as well as a super-dramatist. The greatest interest, however, in his versification seems to be the fact that, through this medium, many students of his plays are trying to date them. An intense study has been made in this direction, and from these authorities we learn that the necessary statistics to place his plays chronologically has been tentatively established. This is, however, only one result of studying Shakespeare's versification. The brief study that I have made has opened to me many big doors that previously were closed. Shakespeare is truly the greatest poet and dramatist of all time, and every hour of study means more knowledge and understanding.

LINKS TO LIFE

by

Daniel Raible '37

More lived than written
Are poems of beauty;
Their rhythm of laughter and tears,
With truth as their rhyme,
Their metre of duty,
And God as theme throughout their years.

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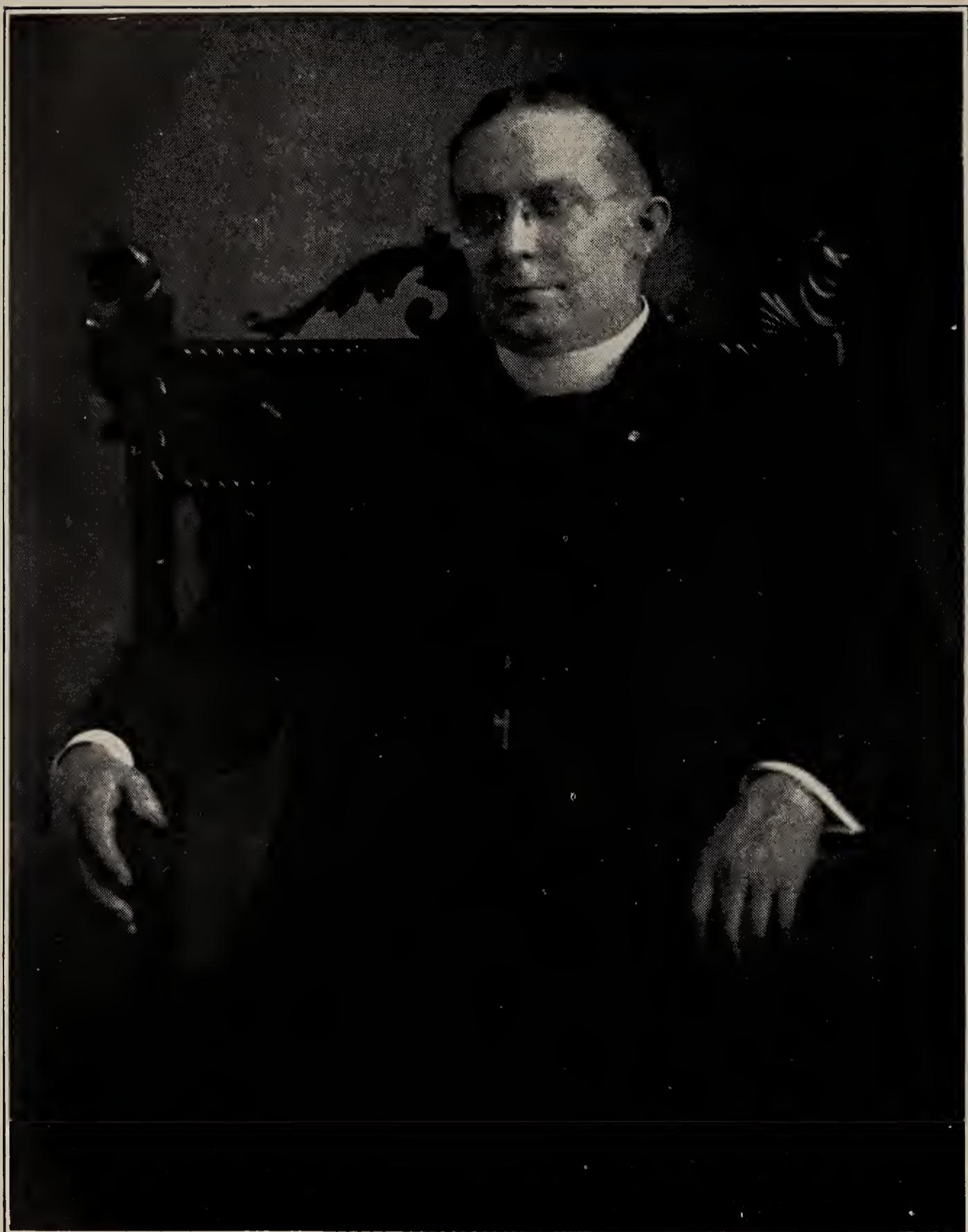
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REV. MEINRAD KOESTER, C.P.P.S.
DIRECTOR OF THE COLLEGIAN, 1927 - 1936

EDITORIALS

GUEST EDITORIAL

By the Rev. M. B. Koester, C.P.P.S., M.A.

Faculty Director of the COLLEGIAN from 1927 to 1936

They are never convinced that their self-salesmanship has struck the proper bargain; hence young men often overlook brilliant opportunities for profitable employment. The tendency is to cast dizzy glances at what is distant instead of giving attention to what is at hand. Before the inviting enchantment of what is far away, present occupation quickly loses its appeal, and the ensuing dullness is wearisome to youth. Unable to fit themselves into the general atmosphere created by their immediate surroundings because they have not conceived a definite purpose, young men frequently shally from one project to another in the fond hope that the waves of fortune will wash them ashore on the land of luck. This charming hope, however, is commonly fraught with bitter disillusionment. More often drownings happen between the waves of fortune than secure voyaging on their crests to the haven of success and wealth.

What to do then is avoid shadow-boxing with opportunity; turn to good account what has been seized upon here and now with a wholehearted trial; force it to a solution. Stern resolves will not parley with the game of luck; they recognize no bargaining with indecision. There is a perennial source of strength in the simplicity of a definite purpose. To learn

as much is the enviable privilege of education of which the liberal, as well as the bread-and-butter varieties, contribute to this objective. Many young lives have come to nothing for want of decisive effort. To bargain at the counter of the world's opportunities with no clean-cut choice in mind will likely result in splitting a real success into two middling ones or in killing it altogether.

With the necessity confronting them of accepting one or the other of life's offerings, young men must understand that a determined choice alone will be fruitful of desirable results. To achieve success in the world of affairs means to peg out a field of endeavor and then consistently refuse to be tempted away to other attractive regions. It must be clearly realized that life deals in a straightforward manner in holding out chances for advancement, and that it demands making the best of one's share in these chances to reach success.

Definitely choosing action and letting indecision, guessing, and worrying out of account, men of affairs have not deferred the gesture indicating determination until all besetting problems, all likes and dislikes incident to choice of employment were adjusted and solved. To attempt as much would mean to fight the stars — an utter waste of time. Rather under-

taking to fight the practical problems of life boldly, these men readily gave the price of achievement, while leaving luck, which mostly favors only a few, to the share of weaklings.

Fascinating ideas certainly deserve the attention of young men, but among these, like among hobbies, one alone should definitely engross that attention. And that particular idea demands the full measure of service which individual capacity can bestow. This service must extend beyond mere dreaming about the engaging magnitude of the concept which has developed in the mind. Practical application alone will prove its worth. The one who fails in the game of life has made a burnt-offering of his time to the spell-binding nature of one or the other engrossing idea without ever putting it to the test of actual use. Indecision with respect to action is as deadly to success as indecision with respect to choice. In either case, along comes the man of hair-trigger constitution and grabs the big idea and with it the credit, the fame, and the proceeds.

The joy of recalling what might have been will furnish sorry compensation for the irking sense of failure which dogs the heels of those who look for perfectly ideal conditions before resolving to act. Wasting time in devising utopian schemes is the worst form of illusion, and illusion, like a fool's bauble, explodes when least expected and leaves only disappointment and discouragement as pay for its dupes. No amount of soothing reflection on what might have been will bring consoling compensation here. The masterpiece which the thought-smith hides in his mind will make no imprint on the record of achievement. The great business of life

finds its fulfillment in reality and not in endless musing and dreaming.

If a young man will not choose to be in the company of worthless drifters and floaters in his later years, he will have to apply rule and chart to his avowed profession in early life. To bring an idea to fruition will require regimenting one's inclinations into a determined effort of the will. Sacrifice and self-discipline supply the required strength for the race to any goal. This procedure may even entail personal misery for a period of time, but a talent for misery is the safest fulcrum for success. Boldly stalking over obstacles and trials is the essential ingredient in the life history of all men of genuine worth. Bargaining for the goods of life with indecision inevitably leads to regret; decision in choice followed by determined action bids fair to achieve noteworthy results in whatever capacity one may happen to labor.

Anniversary Thoughts

Anniversaries, somewhat in the manner of ancient Gaul, can quite conveniently be portioned off into three parts. The first of these three divisions is ordinarily one of reminiscence, in which there is a tendency to sit back and look upon the past with a sort of self-satisfied complacency over having done something, perhaps not without mistakes, but on the whole, rather well. The second consists, of course, in the pure celebration of the anniversary itself without much thought either for the past or the present. And, lastly, to proceed somewhat chronologically, in the third part comes the dawning realization that though an anniversary is surely a measuring milestone of

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the past, it is at the same time none the less a steppingstone for the future.

The above analysis to some may appear to be a bit arbitrary, and perhaps so it is. But for the present at least, take it on our word. For, as perhaps you have noticed, we of the COLLEGIAN are celebrating an anniversary this issue — our twenty-fifth to be exact — and we have found that the three divisions above just about describe the state of our feelings.

It has been quite a span of years now since the first edition of the COLLEGIAN left the presses. Those years have been the background for changes as varied and probably as important as any similar period in the world's history. One of these changes — and from our viewpoint at least, an important one — has been the gradual growth and maturing of St. Joseph's first and best claim to literary distinction, the COLLEGIAN. During these years the COLLEGIAN has changed much in size, circulation, format, and general editorial policy. But during all this time, it has remained the same in one respect. It has never wavered from its all-important reason and purpose of existence, namely, to be the inspiration and the medium of expression for those sons of St. Joseph who would perfect themselves in the field of literary expression. To this ideal it has been consistently faithful, and in doing so it has probably contributed as much as, or more than, any other extra-curricular organization on the campus to the betterment of the school in general, and to the fostering of the tradition that is St. Joe's.

Hence, it is in no spirit of light-minded thoughtlessness, but in a serious spirit of real appreciation that we say we are

really very, very pleased to be able to celebrate this anniversary in the knowledge of the benefits which the COLLEGIAN has bestowed on the school. And furthermore, to be able to offer the hand of congratulation to those who, with tedious work in the past, have made the COLLEGIAN what it is today, is in itself no small honor and privilege. To these, then, and to all the benefactors of the journal, we tender our hearty thanks and approval.

Rather naturally, however, our enjoyment of this anniversary does not lie only in the past. It most certainly extends to the present. Of course, at times it has meant hard work, and sometimes discouraging work to complete this, the twenty-fifth cycle in the COLLEGIAN'S history. But on the whole we have enjoyed the work immensely. Now at the end of the year, with loads of thanks due to our invaluable guides and advisers, Father Ley and Father Speckbaugh, and to the enthusiastic cooperation of our staff and contributors, we hope we have at least not lowered the high standards of the COLLEGIAN during this, its anniversary year.

Finally, with our debt of gratitude thus rather meagerly repaid, we cannot help but look toward the future. It is imperative that we either be determined to make progress or be satisfied to fall behind. We have no intention of falling behind!

The COLLEGIAN'S fundamental policies and its continued striving for literary perfection will continue unaltered. But the COLLEGIAN is soon to be launched on an altogether new track. For an ambition of many years standing is to be realized next year when the COLLEGIAN becomes a literary quarterly, and

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its counterpart, a school newspaper, makes its appearance on the campus. This new status of the COLLEGIAN and the introduction of a campus sheet will, we confidently hope, prove to be for the best in every regard. For the last ten years at least, the COLLEGIAN has been laboring under the difficulty of trying to be two things at once. On the whole, we believe it has done rather well in its combination of the duties of campus sheet and literary journal, but it is obvious that this compromise brought with it distinct disadvantages. In the future, the COLLEGIAN will be able to devote itself exclusively to literary pursuits, while on the other hand the undoubted need for a campus sheet will be adequately taken care of by the school

newspaper. The arrangement should be satisfactory for all concerned.

With these sanguine expectations for the future, the description of our three-fold anniversary celebration is finished. We hope that you agree with it. But in any case, we want to ask you (and we know you won't refuse) to give to next year's staff the same encouraging support and cooperation which you have given us. If you do, we have no doubt at all but that the COLLEGIAN, bigger in size, and better in quality, will next year make a tremendous forward step toward the completion of another twenty-five years cycle, and toward the attainment of the goal at the end of those years, a Golden Jubilee.

The Editors.



THOUGHTS IN A CARNIVAL AMUSEMENT PARK

by

William Callahan '37

The raucous blares of horns and men
In cacophonies of sound
Blend in loud, discordant noise,
And with blatant chords surround
In an artificial life, the ground.

The stench of garlic, cheap perfume,
Perspiring flesh, stale beer,
New whisky, candied cotton,
Holds sway in fullness here,
Revolting, cloying, queer.

In a maze of flapping flags, gaudy stands
And girls, — lewd signs, lurid light,
Cheap dolls, cheap men, all squat
In cheapness day and night,
Unblushing, brazen clay shined bright.

—How desperate for happiness
Are they who are the crowd
That feed this life of sham,
Mind-sick, work-mad, world-cowed!
Who—spurning life and world where bowed
To other's wills and whims, soul-starved, they live unfree—
Now seek in pots of flesh for pleasure's freeing key.

CRITICISM

Books

HERO BREED

By Pat Mullen

In a tidal wave of interest Pat Mullen's latest novel *Hero Breed*, engulfs us. Picturesquely he depicts the seemingly drab existence and quaint mannerisms of the inhabitants on the little Island of Aran, an island off the coast of Ireland which serves as a breaker for the mighty waves of the Atlantic. Formerly a native of Aran himself, the author gives us not a book-study glimpse nor a casual observer's fleeting glance but rather a compact picture from the understanding soul of one who feels the deeper and more beautiful side of the lives of these simple island fishermen.

With characteristic raciness he portrays the vicissitudes of these steersmen of currahs who depend for their meager livelihood upon the catchy art of fishing. As only a native could do, the author reveals the mighty ocean and treacherous straits in their variegated moods. He rolls us breathlessly over the waves of a playful sea, sails us smoothly along gasping at the beauty and serenity of Neptune's blue, hurls us about on a storm-tossed, weather-beaten hooker, covering us with the brine and foam of the angry sea, and finally dashes us mercifully on the reefs of the awe-inspiring Currahaws. Out of the commonplace existence of these island folk he paints an idealistic picture tinted with touches of realism combined with a freshness and a liveliness that is amazing.

The ingenuity of a master enlivens the narrative with a quasi-history of the great men and deeds of the island's past, tales and incidents of surpassing beauty and vigor found only in the treasured folklore of a nation. Around an intriguing plot he has woven a romance, an inspiring Catholic romance, a *Gallahad* romance. As a fitting background the author has ingeniously depicted the sincere religious feeling of the Irish islanders in a touchingly realistic manner. Their devotion to the saintly pastor, an unflagging worker in the vineyard of Christ, is strikingly brought out.

The etching of characters is the crowning jewel of this green-clad novel. When one turns the leaf of the final page he feels as though he is fast losing several very good friends, and incidentally a few less friendly personages. Nevertheless they long will haunt the reader's mind, for with artistic touches of genius the author with an indelible print has seared them upon his memory, such animation and vivacity do they possess. This splendid, actionful novel caused a furore among the rather stolid and none too liberal English critics, and unanimously they pronounced it one of the finest novels of the past decade. James J. Walsh, in his review in the *Newsletter*, summed up the book in the following words: "There is enough of good fighting and clean love-making in it to warm the cockles of any Irishman's heart."

Edmund J. Ryan '38

CRITICISM

THE COMING OF THE MONSTER

By Owen Francis Dudley

Father Dudley is to be wholeheartedly congratulated on his most recent work, *The Coming of the Monster*. Previous to this the author had limited himself to the treatment of the modern Paganisms as individual factors of evil; in this volume, however, they are no longer separate but united in an ever-increasing and onpressing rebellion against God and Christianity. Their advance is *The Coming of the Monster*.

In addition to this striking theme, this vigorous indictment of present-day moral decay, Father Dudley has created within the pages of his book an atmosphere of love and adventure, through which he ferries his reader with the ease and skill of a true novelist. The story is fascinating and charming in its simplicity and teeming with action. Like its companion volume, *The Masterful Monk*, the setting of this tale is laid chiefly in England, with, however, an occasional episode leading the reader to Leningrad, Paris, Hollywood, and Lourdes.

Brother Anselm, the masterful monk, reappears as a "gigantic champion of Catholicism" refuting the false principles and practices of the modern godless, immoral institutions. At the same time he becomes involved in the life of Captain Vivien, a member of the intelligence service, and that of Verna Wray, the girl of the tale. The story moves rapidly in a swift succession of events and ends in a most startling climax when Verna, sacrificing her love for Captain Vivien, decides to devote her life to God's service as a nun. As a consequence of this almost superhuman sacrifice on the part of Verna, Karenov, formerly an agent of

Communism and a most bitter enemy of the Church, is miraculously converted while attending services at Lourdes.

The characters of the story though they are idealized are nevertheless real and not just mere creations of the author's imagination. To the many readers of Father Dudley's previous works the style employed in this volume will without a doubt be novel and more enjoyable. For the cinema technique of interspersing vivid and colorful interims or "shots" in quick succession, as Father Dudley does, adds a certain crispness and liveliness to the narrative and at the same time emphasizes the rapid advance of the monster, Paganism.

As a statement of Catholic principles and philosophy the book is excellent; as a novel I would not hesitate to recommend it to anyone.

James Birkley '38

Magazines

"Universal truth will have to get itself said the American way before it will build itself into our consciousness. We cannot seem to take even universal wisdom in the tongue of a foreign civilization." Thus writes Herbert Slusser in his article titled, "One Afternoon's Perspective," published in the May issue of *The Catholic World*.

This article purposed to show the lack of literary heritage in America and to point out the reasons for this lack. The author begins by pointing out how greatly the English love their literature. Every English school boy; in fact, every young person among the middle and upper classes is bred to an appreciation and love of Shakespeare, the King James Version, etc. Like every true American,

the English child rebels at memorization, but sooner or later, having at first encountered the masterpieces of English literature with indifference, he grows familiar with its richness and beauty, and delights in quoting its outstanding passages.

"Is there any American heritage, any simple cultural influence in song or verse or story, that resembles for a moment those formative things" which make the English so literature loving? "The Catskills retain a faint flavor of *Rip Van Winkle* and the play at bowls. History jostles literature at Plymouth and the Old North Church. The handful of tired vacationists retain enough of *Hiawatha* to be caught in the back-wash of disappointment when at the end of an arduous trip into Lake Superior they view the feeble reality of the Pictured Rocks. Hordes of children read *Snowbound* with no more understanding of its tempo and implications than they would a McGuffey Reader. *Evangeline* was a silly child who made Nova Scotia famous, and Maud Muller and Ichabod Crane little more to be respected than characters in the comic strips."

Thus it is evident that there is no American heritage; at least in any sense comparable to the Englishman's. "What we have is scattered and diffuse, though poignant enough." But let us look at the recent writers of American literature. "Only three," writes Mr. Slusser, "are fit to become our heritage: Hawthorne and Henry James and Hemingway." After discussing the merits and failings of these three, and of others whom he considers minor, he states that "it is James who, for the inevitable few, must seem the greater

figure." Why, then, does James not fall into place within our heritage more acceptably? The reason is that "James did the American thing, but he wrote in the English way, and in an almost impenetrable way at that." The essence of the American cultural matrix is vulgarity; writings, therefore, without vulgarity have no currency with us.

It is in this respect that James failed; it is in this same respect that Ernest Hemingway deserves special attention. His character "Jake," in *The Sun Also Rises*, is the real American Everyman. "Jake," says Mr. Slusser, "is humble, friendly, alert, discerning, renunciatory and not denunciatory, humorous, unpuritanic, compassionate, and responsive to the sharp, sensuous beauties of the physical world."

Until the American writer learns to create the real American character in his writings, and to adapt his style to the American way instead of the English, we shall not have an American literary heritage.

Mr. Slusser points out that other "Jakes," have recently been created, namely, Mr. Deeds who "goes to town," and the father in *Ah, Wilderness*. "For Jake is a universal figure, near to the hearts of us all if we would only put aside our snobbish restlessness and accept him as American and good."

This review is merely the summing up of the high lights of Mr. Slusser's article. He goes into much more detail pointing out the merits and failings of numerous American authors. For literature lovers of every kind Mr. Slusser has an interesting and vital message.

E.G.

EXCHANGES

By way of variety it has seemed well to limit our discussion to a single type of literature this month — the Short Story as it is found in a few of our excellent exchange magazines. We realize that our task is delicate and that some may disagree with our appraisals. To begin with, some stories are so akin to the essay as a type that it is difficult to distinguish whether a particular product belongs to the one or the other class. But this is only on the frontier. We shall offer no definition of either; it is sufficient to say that the writer of the short story surrenders his personality, loses himself in the rapid movement of plot, the delineation of character, the intensity of mood. The essayist on the other hand is personal; whatever the nature of his subject, it is colored by his personality; he talks directly to his readers as if inviting them to converse with him either by agreeing or disagreeing. But we digress.

Whatever the nature of the short story, it should adhere to that. A half and half combination of tobaccos may suit the taste of some smokers; a story that is part one thing and part another — a clumsy mixture of situation and characterization, for instance — is not a work of art. Even though the story blend two or more types, one should unmistakably predominate and characterize the whole.

Continuing to speak in general, a college journal should strike a happy mean — neither confining itself to story writing exclusively nor ignoring this type of

literature altogether. If it is prone to depend wholly on short stories to fill its pages it may entertain the student reader but it is doubtful if it will improve his mind; if it carries few if any short stories it will find that the average student will not feel inclined even to pick up the magazine.

Finally, it is imperative to bear in mind the advice which Father Daniel A. Lord, S.J. gave at the recent Catholic Press Convention in Milwaukee, namely, that there is too little humor in the writings of present-day college students. To observe the tendency to the macabre and horrible as well as the seemingly intimate acquaintance with despair and the darker side of life, says Father Lord, one would be tempted to think that the collegian of the present day has lost all touch with and awareness of the beauty and sweetness of human life. Youth is the time for joy and humor, and surely these qualities should be reflected in collegiate story writing.

In the February number of *The Albertinum* of Albertus Magnus College, New Haven, Connecticut, there are four short stories if "Dusting" is not an essay. Somehow, although it is written in the very modern fashion, it left us cold and unsympathetic; it gave us the impression that it had been cut in half and only the introduction inserted. A girl begins to dust a case of books, becomes engrossed in several volumes, and is interrupted by a telephone call. Those well-selected

volumes could have been made to speak for themselves; a few of the characters, been made to live. "Dusting" deals too much in generalities and has no message. We are not particularly enlightened by the statement that the ending of *Death Comes for the Archbishop* is inspiring and beautiful.

"Word for Bread" in three hundred and fifty words develops a situation and portrays a character. One knows the teacher of that class of foreigners when one has finished reading; one is also acquainted with the apparent futility of her efforts.

Of the remaining two contributions, "Karpenikoff" places a time-worn plot in a new setting — the land of the Czar. This little story of intrigue is above the commonplace: the characters are well drawn and the motivation sufficient. "Mr. Tinker, Defiant," a one-character narrative, in rounding up the short story corner, presents the ancient problem of "to be or not to be" — the trouble lying in the fact that although the bed feels luxurious, the deeply grooved habit of answering the call of the alarm clock punctually wins a victory over the not very defiant Tinker. What really distinguishes the story is the underlying theme already alluded to.

The stories in *The Fordham Monthly*, March number, are longer and well sustained. "Something Lost" is excellent characterization, portraying as it does an old Presbyterian woman whose Catholic heritage had been stolen from her when she was a little girl. Somehow she feels that she has lost something, but she cannot realize just what it is. The story presents a beautiful religious sentiment in a clever manner. It is sufficient com-

pliment to the writer to say that his story does something to the reader.

In "Gift Horse" the most is made of an old plot, that of covering a painting by an unrecognized master with the work of an amateur. To say the least, the situation developed is new. Suspense is well sustained, and the principal characters are all well drawn. Stories of the quality found in this journal deserve recognition.

A journal decidedly modern in tone is the *Scrip* of Notre Dame. All seven stories in the March issue deal with present American life. "Triad," the first of these, gives a vivid portrayal of three members of a family — Emily, the mother; Gilbert, the father; and Marilyn, the daughter. Life seems perplexing to these three people, whose artificiality reacts upon themselves individually and upon one another. "Triad" is a good psychological tale, one in which the wife and mother is the nucleus.

Another story touching on personalities is "Maria." He who runs may discover the reason why Maria, the heroine, is so deeply interested in the artist model who comes to her restaurant "below street level on the lower East Side." This explains and excuses her curiosity. Savage-ly realistic, the story is a slice of life, a slice unbuttered with an ending. One wonders whether it is consistent with the character of Maria not to go to the boy's address to find out his condition after he stops coming in for his lunch, and, if possible and he needs help, to help him. One wonders, too, is stark realism justifiable? It doesn't satisfy this (old-fashioned) reader.

Neither does "Carnival," which, if "Maria" is an unbuttered slice of life, is

EXCHANGES

a moldy crust. That type of story, it seems to me, is the kind we should *not* write; it is worse than stark realism; it is naturalism. Of its kind the secular magazines are flooded. No amount of perfect diction or elegant style can save such a story from the condemnation of futility.

The remaining four stories, all of the realistic type, avoid the sneering, cynical modernity which characterizes "Carnival." "The Travellers" gives a tip on how to act in a little South Carolina town. Two boys, pedaling their way to Florida, amuse by their antics and chatter. The story appeals to the wanderlust of every normal person. "Europeans Know How" introduces two Yankee families abroad, chatting of their experiences while waiting for a Channel boat. Each woman of the two groups seems to be trying to outdo the other at "putting on the dog." "Michael," the story of a boy by that name, cleverly etches his character and reactions while in a dentist's office. He's so used to going to the dentist every year before school starts that it doesn't even faze him any more — until the dentist puts the drill into his mouth. The dentist's character is also well drawn. "Hunt Day" is a splashy description of a hunt for foxes on a warm Saturday morning. It makes one wish that one were out there with the crowd when the fox is finally brought down.

In conclusion, the qualities apparent in the stories reviewed are primarily freshness and vitality. The danger to be avoided is that of being deluded by a bizarre modern tendency that would carry this effort to the extreme of blatant balderdash.

We also wish to thank the following magazines for making their regular appearance.

The Albertinum (Albertus Magnus College);
The Aurora (St. Mary's of the Woods College);
The Bay Leaf (Quarterly) (Marywood College);
The Black Hawk (Mount Mary College);
Canisius Quarterly (Canisius College);
The Clepsydra (Mundelein College);
Duquesne Monthly (Duquesne University of the Sacred Heart);
Rosary College Eagle (Rosary College);
The Essay (College of the Sacred Heart);
The Eponent (Monthly) (University of Dayton);
The Fleur de Lis (St. Louis University);
Fordham Monthly (Fordham University);
The Gothic (Seminary of the Sacred Heart);
The Journal (Loyola University);
The Logos (Incarnate Word College);
Loyola Quarterly (Loyola University);
The Marquette Journal (Marquette University);
Moraga Quarterly (St. Mary's College);
The Nazarene (Nazareth College);
The Owl Monthly (University of Santa Clara);
The Pelican (Nazareth College);
Purple and Gold (St. Michael's College);
The Quarterly (College of New Rochelle);
Trinity College Record (Trinity College);
The Scrip (Notre Dame University);
The Setonian (Seton Hall College);
St. Vincent Journal (St. Vincent College).

ALUMNI

Glenn Kelley, '35, his many friends will mournfully learn, was killed in an automobile accident near his home at Wapakoneta, Ohio, Saturday evening, May 8. To his parents we extend our sincere sympathy.

Many of the alumni who attended the Spring Formal, May 1, expressed their appreciation in person on the excellent manner in which this social entertainment was conducted. A. "Mac" McCoy writes as follows: "In all my experience at Northwestern I do not believe that they held a nicer affair than was staged by the boys last Saturday night." Thank you, Mac.

Mr. McCoy received a real thrill the evening of the dance when he met Eugene G. Klein, D.D.S., of Chicago. Graduating from St. Joseph's in '21 and '23 respectively, both later attended Northwestern. Both without having previously known it belong to the same fraternity there.

Do You Remember?

"Do you remember the ultimate in satisfaction, comfort and contentment that "Heze" Lambert got out of wearing his old red sweater with holes in it as big as baseballs?" 1920.

"Did anyone ever find out if Gordon Hagstrom and "Chick" Quinlisk contrived to reach the pigeon eggs in the

chapel west tower? If they did we were wondering if they managed to hold on to them while they were falling twenty-five feet down the ladder to the edge of the trap-door." 1921.

"Modesta Ledon of Cuban pineapple fame (garden variety) came to St. Joe in 1920 to take a course in American studies and manners. His first lesson had to do with French pop in physics under the direction of Brother Victor."

"It's a long time since anyone has heard from Dick Moody, 1920-1924. He was the lad who got the weekly consignment of a crate of six pies from the Chicago Company of Moody & Waters Pies. It was great to be a friend of Dick's in those days."

"Does anyone remember graduation night of 1923 when Rusty Scheidler and "Casey" Klein climbed the water tower and hung the bed sheets on it with 1923 painted on them?"

"Remember how we used to "slough" on the spuds and bet our share of butter and pies on the outcome of different athletic events. And who can ever forget the delicious satisfaction received from our "long sleeps" on Monday mornings?"

"Remember how, on those nice spring days, we used to "strike" for a free day?"

Mac McCoy '21

CAMPUS

Locals

Thanks to the untiring attention of Fathers Luckey, Diller and Speckbaugh,

*C. L. S.
Entertains
Alumni*

Cyrano de Bergerac
was whipped into tip-top shape for the dramatic entertainment of

the Alumni Association on the evening of May 16. With an ambitious cast of no less than thirty-three members interpreting its lines almost daily for five whole weeks, the final rendition of the play could not help but be BIG. It easily "stars the midnight sky" as being by far the grandest attempt in dramatics at St. Joe during the last years, and may we say also the grandest success? We'll let you be the judge. As for us, we shout, "Excellent work, cast!" and we mean every word of it.

-

Choosing for his topic "It's All in the Method," William Callahan proved himself the ablest orator in the Annual *Oratory Contest*. Callahan Wins tor in the Annual Ora-Oratory Contest which featured eight contestants on the evening of Ascension Thursday, May 6. He will receive the Conroy Medal as his distinction. Edward Gruuber, speaking on "Which Shall It Be?", and Paul Zeller, on "A Great Misconception," were awarded second and third place respectively.

Incidental music for the program was

a two-piano duet by Daniel Peil and Lawrence Heiman, a piano solo by Lawrence Heiman, a violin solo by Anthony Ley, accompanied by Luke Knapke, and a reed trio by Ernest Lukas, Walter Dery, and Daniel Raible.

-

If Mohammed can't go to the mountains, the mountains will come to Mohammed. These words *Diamond Dust* found echo at St. Joe on Thursday, April 29, when Big League Baseball came to visit the home diamond in the persons of Lew Fonseca and Roger Peckinpaugh, both ex-veterans of America's favorite sport.

Lew Fonseca, star first sacker of a few years ago, formerly played ball with the Cleveland Indians and later with the White Sox, and as he modestly admitted to admiring St. Joe men, he "had the good fortune to lead the American League in batting one year." Roger Peckinpaugh is a resident of Cleveland, Ohio, who for a number of years played with and managed his home team, justly meriting his place in the list of shortstops of the good old Honus Wagner type.

The purpose of these two big leaguers at St. Joe was to give our promising young stars some valuable pointers concerning the game which they themselves had practised as an art in the big leagues.

THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN

Theirs was no commercial motive but a real desire to stir up a lively love and interest in the old ball game for the sake of the game itself.

While Fonseca demonstrated his art of stick swinging and disclosed the dark magic by which he had become a master mind in the murdering of mound men, Mr. Peckinpaugh dropped useful hints here and there among the pitching staff lest the slaughter of them be too wholesale. Then followed a little exhibition by Mr. Fonseca just to show that he was not talking through a hole in his baseball cap. "Beeg Joe" Raterman did his best to strike out the old star, but to no avail. The first ball that Mr. Fonseca hit almost broke a window of the second-story music department in the Gymnasium. The second one went across the road in front of the Faculty Building. The third — well, the crowd was already convinced! After this came an hour of batting practice, when St. Joe's potential Fonsecas were given a chance to try their luck at breaking windows. Needless to say, our windows are still intact. After a short infield and outfield workout the practice was dismissed. It was then that Mr. Fonseca and Mr. Peckinpaugh must have felt that it was like old times as St. Joe's delighted high-school lads grouped around them clamoring for autographs which were soon graciously granted.

In the auditorium that evening the visitors entertained for about an hour with some interesting and enlightening moving pictures of baseball. A most enjoyable time, and Mohammed still dreams of visiting the mountains some day.

James Hinton '38

St. Joseph's College was host to a delegation of five hundred Knights of Columbus, representing the

K.of C. Initiation

candidates to the order and the members of the third and fifth districts of the State of Indiana, on Sunday, April 25. Conceived by Bishop Dwenger Council of Rensselaer, this movement culminated in the mass initiation held in the college gymnasium.

St. Joe was not only a good host, but she did her bit in supplying several members from the college. Representing the faculty, the Reverend Fathers Kroeckel, Falter, Speckbaugh and Gordon took their degrees. Representing the students were Andy Stodola, Jerry Yocis and Frank Kozinski.

The initiation was exemplified in fine order by the various initiating teams. The team from Kokomo, Indiana, terrified the newcomers in their first degree. Whiting, Indiana, conferred the "blessings" upon the second degree candidates. The third, the most terrifying, awe-inspiring, fear-provoking degree of the order, was conducted by the State Deputy, Harry Kitchen of Richmond, Indiana.

In an exclusive interview with Martin H. Carmody, the Supreme Grand Knight of the order, the following information was forthcoming. Mr. Carmody commended the St. Joe students for the seriousness with which they took their initiation. Mr. Carmody also stated that he was well pleased with the appearance of St. Joseph's College. When his question as to the potential use of the pond as a good ducking spot was answered in a hearty affirmative, he laughed, reminiscing on his own college days at Michigan U. The interview ended when he asked

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your reporter if the boys ever tried to sneak out on the prefects. There being faculty members present, it was necessary for your reporter to bring the interview to a hasty conclusion.

The afternoon's business was brought to a climax by the sumptuous banquet prepared by the wives and daughters of the Rensselaer Knights, and held in the Rensselaer Armory. The principal speakers of the evening were Mr. O. D. Dorsey, Master of the Fourth Degree Indiana Jurisdiction, who was the able toastmaster; Martin H. Carmody, Supreme Grand Knight, in whose honor the banquet was held; the Hon. Timothy P. Galvin; Fr. Nicholas Greiwe, Chaplain of Bishop Dwenger Council; Fr. Edward Mungovan; and our own Fr. Albin Scheidler. Entertainment at the banquet was furnished by Danny Peil and his "Stardusters."

Bishop Dwenger Council of Rensselaer is to be congratulated on the initiative the members displayed in bringing about this joint meeting. The council is small in membership, but those members who fostered this display of Catholic Action are gigantic in spirit, and the St. Joe students who are now new members of this council can be proud of that fact.

Rev. Father Paluszak, one of the prominent members of our faculty, deserves plaudits for his activity in fostering this movement. A veritable little giant, Fr. Paluszak worked untiringly until this meeting was made the grand success that it was. It will be many a day before the memory will fade from the minds of the students of St. Joseph's College.

E. J. J. '39

The crowning social climax to the present scholastic year was reached for some fifty St. Joe men, *The Monogram* many Alumni, and numerous friends, when they attended the Monogram Formal Dance on Saturday evening, May 1. The features highlighting this splendid occasion are ones certain to enshrine it as the acme of perfection in social engagements ever to grace the calendar of our college.

Soft lights, artistic decorations, low music, light laughter were all prominent features shining, as they did, in a glowing atmosphere of friendship and happiness. But towering high above all others was that seemingly intangible, yet ever present spirit of formal elegance and class. From the faintest tap of the drum to the stately dignity of our host, Rev. F. L. Fehrenbacher, C.P.P.S., this quality was outstanding and most felt. It was a halo that encircled all and holds the occasion in our hearts firmly and lastingly.

To bestow laurels on any one person for making this dance so unbelievably successful is impossible. Let it suffice here to say that the attitude of the participants is the most fitting tribute to cherish toward all who labored, for this reward explains more fully than many words of praise and appreciation that one might hope to say.

R. J. T. '38

THE PIN CUSHION

I've rounded third base, and I'm now stretching out for the plate. As I haven't been spiked as yet I may reach the scoring point safely. Now I'm all set to bang off my last column and I start off with a scoop. In fact, it is almost the

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impossible, but the "Pin Cushion" knows all, sees all, and tells everybody. Are you ready? Here goes!

—
The best article of the year so far was the "Dizzy" Hayden item of the last issue. Boys, the

The Best kid really sizzled for a while. But give Burch this credit, he did learn to take it like a man.

—
A certain football hero, basketball star, lecturer de luxe, etc., is going around the campus in

Falling Star a dazed lethargy since the dance. All you Rensselaer eligibles can cease setting your amorous traps, since Badke has changed his numerous theme songs to that old favorite, "Margie, I'm Always Thinking of You, Margie." It must be love.

—
Is Jack Weyer turning softie, or is he turning softie? I'm asking you? Nope,

I'm telling you. *Im-Jack Is A Sissy* agine that big, bruising, six-foot-four specimen of masculine pulchritude getting nothing less than a facial from the delicate hands of his lady fair. It is rumored that Iron-Man Weyer is going to give lessons in embroidery next week.

—
To whom it may concern: JOHNNY HOMCO! the members of the sophomore

Warning! ! ! dorm are giving you fair warning that if certain misdemeanors don't quit occurring to the trundle beds of said dorm, one Johnny Homco is going to find himself waking up in the middle of the swamp some fine morning.

Oh, mamma, they've crowned me the Queen of the May! Who? "Beeg Joe" Raterman. From

Whoops, my Deah! reliable sources the column has the information that "Horse" was playing May Queen in a big red hat at a picnic held on Prom Sunday in a grove near Green Gables. I didn't know you had it in you, Joe. Thanks for the dope, Bill Dine. No feuds now, boys.

—
Since all the boys insist that their date was the best looking at the dance, the column will pull a sur-

*Prom Queen*prise and pick his choice of Prom Queen.

Not my girl, you saps; that wouldn't be ethical. Honors go to Mrs. Ray DeCook, who knocked all the boys for a loop in a classy formal. Baseball season will be over when this issue comes out, so I'm not shining the apple, boys.

—
Imagine Butch Jones' embarrassment when "Speed Ball" Dreiling whipped a

It Looks Like the Plate fast one over to what he thought was first base. As Butch leaped high into the air with a spluttered string of expletives, Nubs found that the supposed base was nothing but a certain wide section of the masculine anatomy which tightens the seat of the pants when one sits down.

—
When the picture of the dance committee came out, one of the Profs re-

Who's a Mouse? marked that it would have been a choice picture if those two spots in the corner hadn't marred it. On closer inspection it was found that those

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two spots were Mickey and Minnie Mouse, Gillig and his girl friend. The audacity of certain individuals, Gillig introducing his girl friend to Maxie. His name is McCarthy, but we call him Shorty. That is the height of something or other.

—
The Indianapolis bad boy, Arthur "Percival" Waddle, really turned Indianapolis upside down on *Town Hall* a certain week end.

Boys, if you want anybody to fix up something with your girl friend ask everyone but Arthur P. Ask your columnist why. He knows. Art went home on the Monon whistling blithely "It's Town Hall Tonight." He came back singing "It's Delovely."

Bob Ransweiler thinks he's King, we all know, and now that his girl, Irene Butler, is hitting the *King—Oh Yeah!* high spots with tapping rhythm, Bob thinks he's "King of the Chorus Girls." That's what he thinks.

—
It's all over but the shooting. I'll just manage to get out of town after the last issue. The time has come, my gentle readers, to bid you "au revoir." May the "Pin Cushion" find a way into your hearts as it has found a way into mine. I've had quite a kick writing this no-good column, and I hope my successors have the same amount of fun. Goodbye now — and don't forget boys — THE PIN CUSHION NEVER BELLOWED.

E. J. J. '39



SPORTS

MANCHESTER Bows To CARDS 14-2

The curtain raiser on the '37 baseball campaign saw the Cards take a Trojan nine into the camp to the tune of 14-2. The game featured a home run by "Cy Gaffney, two smashing triples by Ed Andres, and the three-hit pitching of "Horse" Raterman.

In the first inning Weaver and Curosh went down swinging. Schmock hoisted a high fly to Kiracofe at third to retire the side.

Sapp led off for Manchester with a graceful strikeout. Curosh threw out Cilline from third. Dubois watched Raterman hook a corner for a third strike.

With the help of Shade, the Trojan pitcher, the Cards shoved over seven runs in the second. Dreiling opened the inning with three futile swings. Andres walked. Gaffney took first after he was hit on the shoulder. Raterman secured a pass. Scharf also drew a base on balls, one run scoring. At this point Shade retired to the shade in favor of Banet who promptly issued a pass to Dorsten thereby forcing in another run. Weaver eked out still another walk. Curosh grounded to Sapp at second, but reached first on Dubois' failure to snag the throw. Schmock struck out for the second out. Dreiling lined the first pitch to deep right for a double, driving in three runs to reach the total of seven for the inning. The Cards were finally retired when Andres struck out.

Manchester went down in order during their half of the inning.

Weaver opened the fourth with a grounder to Kiracofe, who booted it, thus establishing "Weave" on first. Curosh singled to left center. Kiracofe redeemed himself by making a beautiful catch of Schmock's line drive. Dreiling pounded out a single to right, scoring Weaver. Curosh and Dreiling scored on Andres' power-driven triple to deep left. Then Gaffney cut loose with that circuit drive to complete the five run attack of the inning.

Manchester picked up a run in the third when Sapp doubled with one man aboard, and another in the fifth on an error by Schmock.

Raterman, who was master all along the line, struck out seven and walked only one.

K. C. '37

JOLIET 17 ST. JOE 9

In a very poor demonstration of playing ability on the part of both teams, our St. Joe boys came out on the short end of a 17 - 9 score when they journeyed up to the prison city to meet Joliet Junior College. The game was somewhat ragged and evidenced no blossoming Bob Fellers or Lou Gehrigs, for each team was far from being up to standard.

Our boys had the game pretty well in hand until the seventh inning, when it seems that in the customary "seventh inning stretch" the pitcher did not stretch far enough and as a consequence the Joliet batters amassed a total of seven

SPORTS

runs on an equal number of hits. And as if to show St. Joe that this was not a lucky streak the up-staters came right back in the eighth and duplicated their feat. With this advantage to spur them on, Joliet coasted right along, and when the last dust from the spikes had cleared away the scoreboard very impudently broadcasted to the spectators that St. Joe had better come back and try again next year.

There was evident lack of something or other to be noted in the St. Joe team, but what it was should be hard to say. "Beeg Joe" Raterman was not himself for some reason, because he was taken from the box for the first time since playing on the St. Joe nine. As far as our boys were concerned nine men were retired via the strikeout route; although they collected eleven hits these were well

scattered. Then too there were a goodly number of errors which were very harmful.

To Norm Schmock, Joe Raterman and Swede Johnson go the orchids for hitting, if any can be given, for they garnered two apiece and one of these was for extra bases.

Perhaps the best advice that could be given is that all the players procure a copy of "Take Me Out To The Ball Game" and rehearse that section that goes like this: "And it's one — two — three strikes and you're out at the old ball game." The inefficiency of the hitters was a much-felt and much-needed element in the contest. But even if you lose the rest of the games, you players, if you beat the Alumni good and proper all will be forgiven.

"Mike" Moriarity '38



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